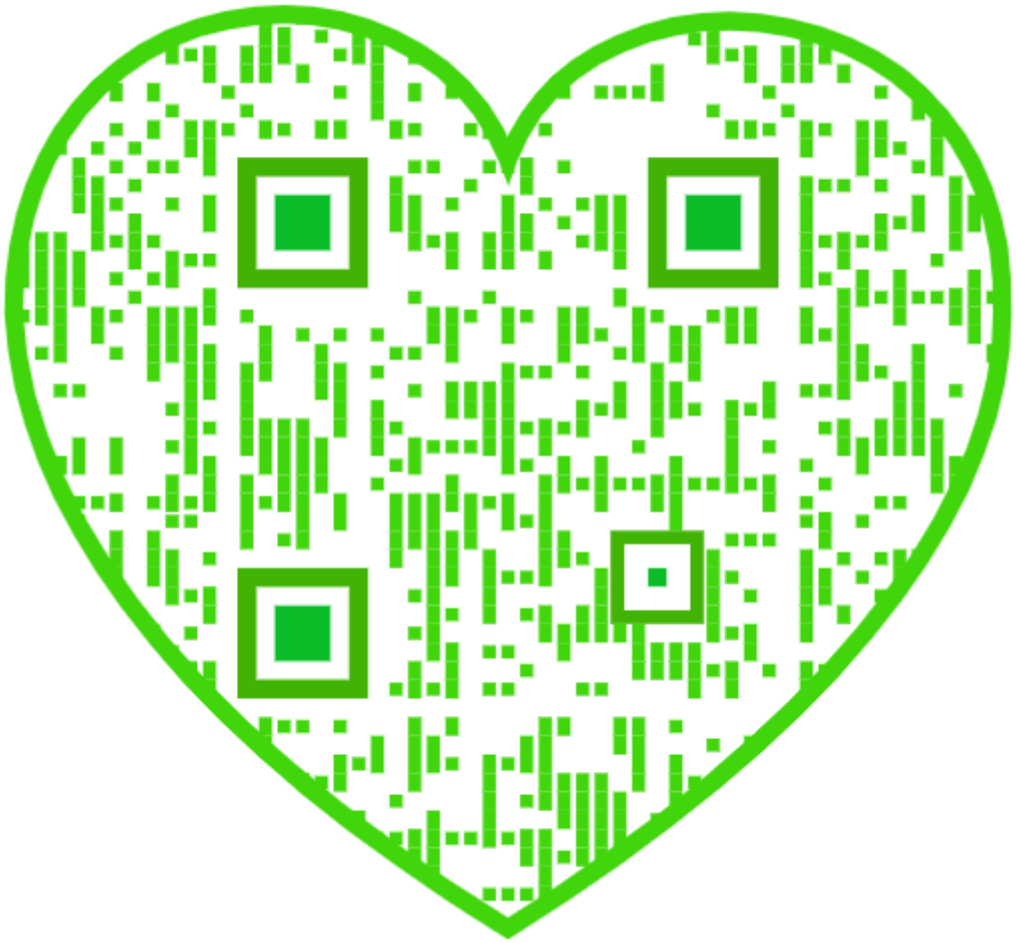

Holiday Entertainments

Adapted to all Holidays, including
New Year's, Washington's Birthday,
Easter, Decoration Day, Fourth of July,
Thanksgiving, and especially
Christmas Occasions

Edited by
CHARLES C. SHOEMAKER

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HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

OPENING ADDRESS.

(For a Sabbath-School Christmas Entertainment.)

KIND teachers, friends, and classmates dear,
I bid you welcome here to-night;
Since last we met another year
Has taken its relentless flight.

The years may come, the years may go,
They each one bring upon the way
The time of flowers, the time of snow,
And each one brings a Christmas Day.

All hearts beat high and eyes are bright
At this glad season of the year,
As we have met to celebrate
This time of gladsome Christmas cheer.

In reverent thankfulness we raise.
To Him who came to dwell on earth,
A hymn of gratitude and praise,
To thank Him for His wondrous birth.

And may all those assembled here
Strive to deserve the priceless love
That thought no sacrifice too dear
To win our souls for Heaven above.

Thus may the Christmas time e'er find
Us full of gratitude and praise,
And ready with our tuneful lips
Our songs of thankfulness to raise.

The boon we ask of God is this:
May each and all now gathered here,
Through time, through all eternity,
Spend many a bright and glad New Year.

MRS. M. ELLA CORNELL.

SANTA CLAUS OUTWITTED.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS,	FAIRY CONTENT,
MRS. SANTA CLAUS,	DOT, A MESSENGER,
FAIRY OVERCOME,	SIR SEE-ALL.

COSTUMES.

SANTA CLAUS.—White wig, long white beard, dressing-gown, knee breeches, and slippers.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS.—Ordinary home dress of an old lady.

FAIRY OVERCOME.—Short white dress, with wings of gilt pasteboard.

FAIRY CONTENT.—The same, with the addition of a long rod covered with gilt paper.

DOT.—May be either a boy or girl, and, as there are no lines to learn, he or she should be as small as possible. The effectiveness of this character depends wholly on the promptness with which he or she makes the entrances and exits. The dress should be light and airy, a pair of wings being added.

SIR SEE-ALL.—Must wear a close-fitting black suit, a black mask, black gloves, and must carry a hand mirror.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Santa Claus and his wife should enter and exit on the right of the stage. Other characters on the left.

Scene I.

Interior of Santa Claus' house. An ordinary room will do, but the surroundings may be modified according to the tastes and opportunities of the performers. Curtain rises, disclosing Santa Claus seated in a large arm-chair sleeping heavily, snoring stentorially. Enter Mrs. Santa Claus. Going up to her husband, she shakes him gently.

Santa Claus (*waking suddenly*).—Eh? What? What do you say?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Supper is ready, come.

Santa Claus (*yawning and rising*).—Well, my dear, I suppose you think you have done your duty in awakening me, but (*yawning*), to tell you the plain truth, I heartily wish you had let me sleep until to-morrow morning. [*Yawns and stretches wearily.*]

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Why, Santa Claus, are you losing your wits? Sleep until morning, indeed! What would become of Christmas then?

Santa Claus (*frowning*).—To tell you the plain truth, wife, I'm tired of this Christmas business. Let me see; how long have I been working for the world?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—You began in the fourth century, so it is only a little over fourteen hundred years.

Santa Claus.—Only, Mrs. Santa—only. [*Groans and sighs*] Well, I begin to feel as if I'd like to skip one year, take a vacation, you know.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—But have you forgotten that when you were endowed with perennial strength, you

agreed that you would not cease your services while the world stood, unless the children tired of you?

Santa Claus (*crossly*).—But could I foresee that they would make the chimneys too small to admit a common-sized dog?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Now, Santa, didn't Fairy Overcome give you a charm by which you become small enough to go down any chimney? And, when you are good-natured, don't you declare the charm works finely?

Santa Claus.—Yes, but I haven't any charm against that network of wires away up in the air that caught Flasher and Dasher's hoofs last Christmas, and came so near upsetting me. I presume there'll be some other new-fangled trap laid for us this year.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Oh! nonsense, don't borrow trouble.

Santa Claus—But to tell you the plain truth, wife, I think I have outlived my time. I should have gone out with the stage coach, the hand-printing press, and the spinning wheel. There is just no place for an old fogy like me in these wonderful times.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—You might as well say there is no place for Christmas. But, after all, Santa, you know you are bound, as if in chains of iron, to work as long as the children want you. You agreed to this, so the decree was made, and cannot be revoked. Therefore, since you cannot quit, why repine?

Santa Claus.—Cannot quit, eh? Now, don't be too sure of that. You'll see, Mrs. Santa, this Christmas will finish my labors. Oh! it's hard cheating old Santa Claus, as you'll find. [*Looks at his wife cunningly, and goes out chuckling and repeating the last sentence.*]

Mrs. Santa Claus.—What can he mean? I must see

to it. [*Claps her hands three times. Enter Dot, quickly.*] Dot, hasten to Fairy Overcome, and tell her to meet me in this room at once. [*Dot bows and retires.*] Now, I must go pour his coffee, and then conjure up some excuse to leave the table and meet Fairy Overcome here alone.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.—THE SAME.

Curtain rising discloses Fairy Overcome standing in the centre of the room lost in thought. Mrs. Santa Claus enters hurriedly, and going up to Fairy Overcome kisses her hand eagerly.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—You dear Fairy, you never failed me yet; and now do tell me what ails our good Santa. He declares he is tired of his work, and hints darkly at what he means to do to cut it short. Can you explain his freak?

Fairy Overcome.—Yes, Mrs. Santa Claus, I went to see your husband yesterday, as he was finishing up his gifts. He has prepared the paltriest of presents for every one. I remonstrated with him, but he only chuckled and laughed, and declared his long term of service was almost over. You see, he expects every one will be so angry with him that there will be a great clamor raised for the services of a new saint.

Mrs. Santa Claus (*wringing her hands and sobbing*).—O dear Fairy, can't you prevent this?

Fairy Overcome.—Would that I could; but do you not remember that no one in Santa Claus-land has the power to substitute other gifts for those Santa has prepared. [*Mrs. Santa Claus covers her eyes with her*

handkerchief and sobs, repeating the words: "O foolish, foolish man, how miserable we will all be," while Fairy Overcome stands for a moment or two lost in thought. Suddenly she claps her hands three times and Dot enters.]

Fairy Overcome.—Hasten, Dot, to Fairy Content, and tell her to come to me at once. [*Dot bows and retires.*] Now, dear Mrs. Santa Claus, stay your tears. I think we can outwit your cunning husband yet.

Mrs. Santa Claus (*seizing Fairy's hands and kissing them*).—O you dear, dear Fairy, I shall love you now better than ever.

(*Enter Fairy Content.*)

Fairy Overcome.—This, Mrs. Santa Claus, is my youngest sister, Fairy Content. Now, dear sister, do you know where our good old Santa Claus keeps his Christmas gifts?

Fairy Content.—I know the place well.

Fairy Overcome.—Hasten, then, and touch each one of his gifts with your golden wand.

(*Exit Fairy Content.*)

(*Enter Santa Claus, looking angry.*)

Santa Claus (*crossly*).—So, here's where you are, Mrs. Santa Claus, gossiping, eh? [*Nods to Fairy Overcome, who bows and smiles.*] I thought you said you smelled the turkey burning? [*Sits down in his chair.*]

Mrs. Santa Claus.—So I did, but it's all right now. Never fear, dear Santa, it will be in fine condition for your breakfast. Only one little corner was burning, and I will eat that myself.

Fairy Overcome (*smiling and bowing*).—I hope you are quite well, good Santa Claus?

Santa Claus (*gruffly*).—Well enough, but sleepy. I would gladly have slept until morning, but Mrs. Santa

has no mercy; she would wake me up. If I only could have slept what a commotion there would have been in the world to-morrow morning—Christmas and no Santa Claus! Ho! ho! think of it—just think of it.

Fairy Overcome (*aside to Mrs. Santa Claus*).—We must keep him here awhile to give Fairy Content more time. [*To Santa Claus.*] Would you really like to see what Christmas without Santa Claus would be?

Santa Claus.—Oh! above all things.

Fairy Overcome (*claps her hands three times—enter Dot. To Dot*).—Go quickly to Sir See-All and tell him he is wanted here; but as he has no wings and is very slow of foot, you must give him this pill to swallow. He will then become so small that you can put him in your pocket. When you reach here, take him out, rap his heels together three times, and say aloud:

"Olie mo, tolie mo, iliuns wize,
Now return to your natural size."

Don't forget the words, and hasten. [*Dot bows and retires.*] And now, good Santa Claus, your wish shall be gratified.

Santa Claus.—I hope I shall not need to wait long; it is time I was leaving. Is my Christmas suit brushed, Mrs. Santa Claus?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—It is, and laid in its usual place.

Santa Claus.—And my pack and sleigh filled?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—No; but I'll go at once and attend to it while you are talking with Sir See-All.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Santa Claus (*running after her*).—No; come back! come back! I forgot. I'll do the packing myself.

(*Enter Sir See-All.*)

Fairy Overcome (*following Santa Claus*).—Good Santa Claus, do you perceive? Here is the sprite you wished to see.

Santa Claus (*returns, shaking his head and muttering, sits down again. Aside*).—I meant to have packed those gifts myself this year, but I have become so accustomed to having her do it that I forgot myself. [*Sighs.*] Well, perhaps she'll not notice them much, but I must make the best of it, I suppose, if she does. [*Turns to Sir See-All.*] So, you have come! Can you show me what would have happened if I had slept until to-morrow morning?

Sir See-All (*breathes on the hand-mirror and hands it to Santa Claus*).—Good Santa Claus,

Wish for the thing that "might have been,"
But now can never be,
And, lo! before your wondering eyes
The whole portrayed you'll see.

(*Santa Claus takes the mirror with a very gratified manner, the others retire to the background. From behind the scenes a piano or other musical instrument plays a few bars of a plaintive melody. A soft voice then sings to any slow, sad air the following verses:*)

(SONG.)

Christmas without Santa Claus,
Oh! the dreary, dreary time;
Tears are falling everywhere—
Hushed joy's merry pealing chime.

Christmas without Santa Claus,
Oh! where can he be hiding?
Will he never come again
Behind his swift steeds riding?

Christmas without Santa Claus,
Now see the tear-drops falling,
Children sadly all day long,
"Sweet Santa Claus" are calling.

(*During the singing Santa Claus continues gazing at the mirror, the expression of his face gradually changing to one of sorrow. The smile fades, he sighs, groans, shakes his head, mutters indistinctly, now and then wipes away a tear, etc., etc.*)

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.—THE SAME.

(*Enter Mrs. Santa Claus briskly.*)

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Christmas morning. I feel like wishing the whole world "Merry Christmas!" If everything has worked as we planned it I am sure I have been the means of making the whole world happy. Poor Santa, he went away with a very sad face. The scenes in the magic mirror set him to thinking, and I know he repented of his ill humor, but when he was done with the mirror it was past starting-time, and all the gifts were packed, so he could only hasten away. He looked so mournful that I should certainly have told him all had not Fairy Content assured me that to do so would break the charm. He will be in now soon [*bustles about the room as if putting it in order*], but he is not in a good humor. Even the excellent Christmas breakfast failed to brighten his spirits, though the turkey was done to a turn and the mince pies were delicious. Oh! I hear him coming.

(*Enter Santa Claus, looking grave and weary.*)

Mrs. Santa Claus (*wheeling out his chair*).—There,

my dear husband, now you shall rest this whole long day.

(*Santa Claus sits down and sighs profoundly.*)

Mrs. Santa Claus (*adjusting the footstool to his feet*).—Now lean back and be comfortable. This is Christmas Day, remember, and you must not wear so sad a face.

Santa Claus.—It is not Christmas Day to me, for I have done nothing to make others happy—not a single thing.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Why, Santa, how can you say that, when you have been out more than half the night blessing people?

Santa Claus (*gruffly*).—Blessing them indeed, you little know what you are talking about.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Well, out with your "merry-sight glass," now, and perhaps a view through that will raise your spirits.

Santa Claus.—I can't; I have no "merry-sight glass."

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Haven't any! Why, what has come over you?

Santa Claus.—I threw it out of the sleigh last night, for I never want to use it again, and it went down, down, down in the blackness and darkness.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—O Santa! how strange you are growing; but you must have another. I must see what is going on among people this morning, that's all the pleasure of Christmas to me. [*Claps hands three times. Enter Dot.*] Go quickly to Fairy Overcome and tell her to send us a "merry-sight glass."

Santa Claus (*rising quickly*).—No, no; come back, Dot.

Mrs. Santa Claus (*running forward and holding Santa Claus back*).—Hasten! hasten, Dot, and heed him not.

(*Exit Dot, swiftly.*)

Santa Claus (*mournfully*).—You mean well, good wife, but indeed you will repent this rashness [*returning slowly to his chair*]; but when it comes to the worst don't say that I didn't warn you, don't say that you didn't bring the whole trouble on your own head. [*Sits down.*] And remember, too [*angrily*], that I am in no mood to be found fault with. [*Drops his chin on his breast. Enter Dot and hands to Mrs. Santa Claus a telescope or a pair of opera-glasses and retires.*]

Mrs. Santa Claus (*aside*).—How badly he does feel, poor man. [*Takes her place near his chair, and raises the glass to her eyes.*]

Santa Claus (*angrily*).—You'd better throw it down. But, remember, I warned you.

Mrs. Santa Claus (*softly*).—

Magic glass,
Now let pass
The scenes of Christmas morning.

(*While Mrs. Santa Claus is looking through the glass the other characters enter silently in the following order and arrange themselves behind her in a half-circle: Fairy Overcome, Fairy Content, Sir See-All, Dot. While they are taking their places Mrs. Santa Claus smiles, frequently murmuring, "Ah!" "lovely," "beautiful," etc., under her breath, Santa Claus meanwhile watching her keenly.*)

Santa Claus (*rising eagerly, and taking his place beside her*).—What do you see, good wife?

Mrs. Santa Claus (*still gazing*).—I see the most beautiful sights—happiness, mirth, smiles, bright eyes, and lightly dancing feet. There is a little girl who longed for a wax doll, and to whom you took a rag one

[*Santa groans*]; she is hugging and kissing it in delight, and truly it is the most beautiful doll I ever saw. Its clothes glisten and glitter, and its face is charming.

Santa Claus.—What does this mean? Here, give me the glass. [*Takes it and looks through it a moment.*] A transformation indeed. I cannot understand it. [*Removes glass and looks around.*] A mystery! a mystery!

Mrs. Santa Claus.—No mystery at all, dear Santa. Fairy Content, will you explain?

Fairy Content (*advancing*).—With this magic wand, dear Santa Claus, I touched your paltry gifts, and straightway over them was sifted the bright gold of content, which neither time nor usage can wear away. Your eyes were so covered by the scales of discontent that you did not perceive their charm when you were handling them. And, now, you see, your gifts, instead of being scorned as you intended, are received with a joy never known before, and you were never loved by the world as you are at this moment.

Santa Claus (*taking her hand*).—How can I thank you enough, sweet Fairy Content? [*Releases her hand.*] Although I have lived so many centuries, I have proved that I am not too old to learn, for I have discovered that the best gift to mortals on Christmas morning is that bright, imperishable one, Content, and since I have gained this knowledge, I am thankful that, for once, at least, Santa Claus was Outwitted.

(*They all form about him in a circle.*)

[TABLEAU.]

[CURTAIN.]

CLARA J. DENTON.

A HOLIDAY ACROSTIC.

(For nine little children.)

The children enter one at a time, each bearing a banner containing his own letter, or wearing on the breast a pasteboard letter covered with gilt paper or evergreen.

First Child. C.—

C STANDS for the Children, who always are ready
To welcome St. Nick with his sleigh full of toys:
He never forgets to come round every winter
With lots of nice things for all good girls and boys.

Second Child. H.—

H stands for the Holly with bright scarlet berries;
How fresh its green leaves look upon the gray wall.
Other trees are all bare and spread their brown branches,
But the dear Christmas holly keeps green for us all.

Third Child. R.—

R's the Roast turkey—the biggest and brownest
That ever came out of an oven, I trow,
With cranberry-sauce, nuts, raisins, plum-pudding—
It makes my mouth water to think of it now.

Fourth Child. I.—

I stands for the Ice on the pond in the meadow,
Hurrah for the skaters as swiftly they glide!
Each season in turn brings its full share of pleasures;
How rich are the blessings the Lord doth provide!

Fifth Child. S.—

S stands for our Sleds as they shoot down the hill-side,
Like swift-winged birds o'er the glistening snow;

The cold, frosty air fairly makes our cheeks tingle,
But we climb to the hill-top with faces aglow.

Sixth Child. T.—
T stands for the Tree now so heavily laden,
The gay Christmas-tree with its wonderful fruit;
Whatever you wish you may pluck from its branches,
You're indeed hard to please if there's nothing to suit.

Seventh Child. M.—
M is the dear Mother who never forgets us,
She knows what we want old Kriss Kingle to bring;
I think each December she writes him a letter,
Or else, low and then, he would leave the wrong thing.

Eighth Child. A.—
A is for Appetite; every boy has one,
And we've each of us laid in an extra supply;
So pass round your oranges, nuts, cakes, and candies,
And we'll eat them all up, or at least we will try.

Ninth Child. S.—
S is for Santa Claus—jolly old fellow,
Who creeps down the chimney so sly and so still,
And is up and away again while we are sleeping;
Let us give him three cheers with a hearty good-will

All.—

Hurrah! *Hurrah!* HURRAH!

(*All recite in concert.*)
O Christmas! merry Christmas!
It has really come once more,

With its memories and greetings,
With the joys it has in store!
Let the bells in all the steeples
Usher in that blessed morn
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
In Bethlehem was born.
For the world is full of gladness,
And our hearts with love o'erflow,
"As we listen to the music
Of the bells across the snow."

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE.

A DRAMA IN ONE SCENE.

CHARACTERS.

MAIDEN, TIME,
YOUTH, OLD YEAR,
NEW YEAR.

COSTUMES.

MAIDEN.—Very simple white dress, flowing hair. On entrance a white shawl is thrown about her head and shoulders, which she removes at the proper place.

YOUTH.—Plain black suit.

TIME.—Wrapped in white. White beard and wig. Carriage erect, manner active. Large, white pasteboard wings would add greatly to the effect; also, either a sickle or an hour-glass borne in his hand.

OLD YEAR.—Wrapped in gray, white wig and beard. His form must be much bent, his step uncertain and feeble, his right hand resting on a cane.

NEW YEAR.—This character should be personated by a boy as small as can be found to interpret the part with intelligence and grace. The costume should be a long, white, flowing robe.

SCENE.—A pathway in the woods. This can be effectively represented by arranging small evergreen trees at the back of the stage or room, and removing all

furniture from the foreground, if the representation occurs in the latter place. The lights on the stage should be dim. Before the curtain rises a bell tolls slowly and faintly, and continues to do so until the departure of the old year. Curtain rising shows Maiden standing in centre of the stage in a listening attitude. Stands thus for about ten seconds.

Maiden.—It must be the farewell bell, yet how it eludes me. I have followed it on and on, yet it sounds as faint and far away as ever. Poor Old Year, I hoped to find him by following the sound of the bell. If I could only see him ere he departs I would seek his forgiveness for anything I may have done to bring him one hour of sadness. Can it be that I have in any way added to his burdens? Let me try to remember. [*Walks aside.*]

(*Enter Youth.*)

Youth.—That parting bell! Still it sounds. The Old Year is going fast they tell me. But what matter, since a New Year comes to take his place—another, perhaps brighter and better. [*Sees the Maiden.*] Ah! fair maiden, are you here to wait the coming of the glad New Year?

Maiden (*advancing*).—No; I would watch the going of the Old. Will he pass this way, do you think?

Youth.—I cannot tell. But why assume so sad a countenance? Why grieve thus for him? Were it not better to teach your face to wear the smiles and happy glances that should welcome the coming of the New Year?

Maiden.—Perhaps so. But the Old Year is dear to me. He has brought me much happiness, and I am

loth to part with him. Neither am I in haste to welcome the New Year, for who can tell what ill he may have in store for me. He may be false and cruel. Ah! yes; I fear—I dread his coming.

Youth.—How weak, how idle are your fears. If the Old Year was kind, may you not hope that his successor will be the same?

Maiden.—Your words are reassuring, still I would fain keep the Old Year a little longer. I know I have not always showered upon him the love he deserves. I fear I have been unkind, and I would that he might linger until I have atoned for my faults.

Youth (*waving his hand lightly*).—A fig for the Old Year! Let him pass unregretted. Little cares he for the deeds of mortals. Naught to him are you and I. Let us then be gay, thinking only of our own happiness, and hoping that the New Year will smile benignly upon us.

Maiden.—But should we not at least give smile for smile?

Youth.—What cares he for smiles or frowns? Hark! I hear a step. [*Enter Time. Youth and Maiden starting back and speaking to each other.*] Can this be he?

Time.—What! mortals in my path?

Maiden (*advancing timidly, and throwing off the shawl falls on her knees*).—Dear Old Year—

Time (*waving his hand*).—Rise! thou art wrong. I am Time, thy father. Fain would I assist thee to rise, but the touch of Time is blighting. My hand laid on that sunny head would turn those golden locks to gray. [*Should the maiden be dark haired change the word "sunny" to "glossy," and "golden" to "chestnut" or "raven," as the case requires.*] But, rise, 'twere vain to

kneel to me, since no pleading can change my power. Unkind, inexorable, I ever must remain.

Maiden (*rising*).—Nay, say not so, dear Father Time. Thou hast been kind to me. Thou hast brought me from a helpless child to a strong, active maiden.

Time.—Aye, and I will bring thee still on to weak, tottering infirmity; then wilt thou say, dear Father Time?

Maiden.—Ah! yes; for it may be thou wilt kindly help me to forget many sorrows.

Time.—Sorrows! What knoweth thy youth and loveliness of sorrow?

Maiden.—I have heard of it, my father. I have seen loving eyes weep burning tears. I have also heard lips declare that Time had been kind to them and healed their woes. Then why, dear Father Time, should mortals hate thee?

Time (*raising his hands in blessing*).—To thee I would fain be ever kind, and bring only life's choicest gifts.

Youth (*advancing*).—And for me what treasure hast thou in store?

Time.—That which thou most desirest, many, many new years.

Maiden.—But the Old Year—comes he this way soon?

Time (*turning half around and pointing behind him*).—Lo! there he comes. [*Enter Old Year, stepping so slowly that his progress across the stage is almost imperceptible. This motion must be maintained until his final exit. It will require some practice on the part of the personator, but, if skillfully done, will add much to the effectiveness of the part. Maiden advances and kneels, but must be careful not to fall directly in his path, thereby intercepting his progress. She must also kneel at a distance of three or four feet from him.*]

Maiden.—Dear Old Year, have I done aught to grieve thee? Has any act of mine bowed thy once erect form, or wrinkled thy once smooth brow? If yes must be thy answer, oh! then, add, also, "I forgive thee."

Old Year (in a low, trembling voice).—No, Maiden, no; my aching shoulders bend beneath the grievous burdens humanity has cast upon them, but the weary weight has not been increased by thy deeds. Sweet Maiden, since goodness, truth, and a thoughtful, unselfish heart is thine, bright days will the coming year bring to thee. [*Lifts his hands in blessing.*]

Youth (aside).—The graybeard promises well. No doubt he has power over the coming Year. It were well to propitiate him, but I must imitate the maiden's manner. [*Falling on his knees.*] Dear Old Year, if I have wronged thee ever, grant me, I beg thee, thy forgiveness.

Old Year (angrily, and extending his hand threateningly).—Wronged me! Yes; seest thou these bowed and trembling shoulders? Know then, thy hands have cast many a burden thereon. Thy complainings, thy discontent, thy railings at others' faults, thy selfishness, thy greed—all, all have added to the load I bear. Begone! [*Youth rises and retreats to Time.*] And thou, O Father Time! farewell. I go to join yon shadowy throng that people thy mysterious kingdom.

Time (uplifting his hand in blessing).—Farewell, thy mission is ended. Better the earth for thy coming, loath, indeed, is it to behold thy going.

(*Behind the scenes is now softly sung, to any plaintive air, the following lines, and the progress of the Old Year must be so timed that his exit occur synchronously with the singing of the last line. As the song is finished the*

bell also ceases tolling, and, at the same time, the New Year enters with light and dancing steps.)

SONG.

Farewell, Old Year, farewell,
Slowly sounds thy parting knell,
Closed so soon thy brief career,
And so old, so bowed, so sere.
Through yon portals, dim and gray,
Thou art passing now away,
Away, away, away.

(*When the New Year enters Time advances with extended hand. They clasp hands. The Youth and Maiden advance and kneel before the New Year. Tableau while the following lines are sung behind the scene to any light, merry air.*)

SONG.

Welcome! hail! O new-born Year!
Smiles upon thy face appear,
Bring us joy and merry cheer,
Banish hate and pain and fear,
Welcome, welcome, welcome.

Maiden.—Fair Young Year, I kneel to thee. I would bring to thee gifts from a loving heart. The gift of tireless efforts for others, the gift of tender smiles and helpful words. These I would gladly lay at thy feet all thy coming days.

Time (aside).—O wise Maiden!

Youth (aside to Maiden).—What a golden opportunity you have lost. Why did you not sue for gifts for yourself? [*To the New Year.*] O Year! be kind; give to me happiness, wealth, and ease.

Time (*aside*).—Foolish Youth!

New Year (*laying a hand on the head of each*).—Be it unto you according to your prayers.

Youth (*aside*).—Ah fortunate, happy me!

New Year.—Thou, sweet maiden, hast thought only of the happiness thou couldst bring to me, therefore, rich blessings of love, peace, content, and joy shall keep thee company through all my changing days Thou, O most selfish youth! must look to thyself alone for gifts. Thou hast no offering for me; from me, then, hope for nothing.

Time.—Rise then, mortals [*they rise and confront Time and the New Year*], and take this lesson to your inmost hearts. He who would know a happy New Year, must make it so by his loving deeds to others. "For Another's Sake" is the bright gold of life that can gild its dullest days with unfading brightness. Now, in your youth, make this priceless gold your own. [*He raises his hands in blessing. Youth drops his head upon his breast and folds his arms.*]

[TABLEAU.]

[CURTAIN.]

CLARA J. DENTON.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

THERE was a general air of festive preparation throughout the old Featherston homestead. It was Christmas Eve, and the morrow was to witness the annually recurring family reunion. Grandma's face wore a smile of perfect contentment as she thought of

the sons and daughters whom she was to see once more in an unbroken family circle. Small Robbie fairly scintillated with delight as he reveled in anticipation of the numerous presents that would be sure to accrue from such a goodly company to the youngest, and, consequently, the pet of the family. And there was a happy light in Muriel's eyes—for Fred was coming, too.

And who was Fred? If you had asked any of the other members of the Featherston family, they would have been sure to smile significantly and reply, "Ask Muriel." But if you had propounded the question to that young lady, she would have been quite at a loss to tell you anything more than that Fred was—well, he was just Fred—and unless you happen to be a young lady yourself, you might not be much the wiser.

In order, therefore, to throw a little more light upon the question of this young man's identity, you shall have a glimpse of Muriel's thoughts, as she sat looking out upon the white, moonlit lane that Christmas Eve.

She was thinking of another evening, several months before, when this same Fred had bidden them all good-bye and she had walked with him down the lane to wait for the stage-coach, in which he was to begin his journey to a distant city. Fred had accepted Mrs. Featherston's urgent invitation to spend Christmas with them, and at first he and Muriel talked only of this prospective visit. Then Fred had remarked, with studied carelessness and the air of introducing a totally new subject of conversation, that he wanted to give a certain cousin of his a nice present, and which did Muriel think would be the nicer—a bracelet or a fan? And Muriel had replied without hesitation that she was sure the cousin would

prefer a bracelet, and even, when urged, went so far as to give a sufficiently minute description of one that she thought would be "just the thing." And later on, Muriel had incidentally asked Fred, still in the same strictly impersonal manner, if he thought blue a pretty color for a dressing-gown, to which he returned an emphatic affirmative. And then his voice took a lower tone as he told her about the prospects that awaited him in the busy world to which he was going, and of how, when he came back, if all went well with him—but just here, of course, the old stage-coach came rattling over the brow of the hill, and Fred had only time to say, as he held Muriel's hand in a close clasp at parting:

"I want you to be the first to welcome me, Muriel. Will you meet me here?"

And Muriel had promised, with a timid blush and a trustful glance that made Fred's heart beat quicker then, and ever afterwards when he recalled this scene.

And now the time had almost come to fulfill that promise. Up in Muriel's room was the prettiest blue dressing-gown that her dainty fingers could construct, and somewhere on the white road, stretching so far in the moonlight, the crazy old stage-coach, at every revolution of its creaking wheels, was bringing Fred nearer and nearer.

Muriel glanced at the clock. In fifteen minutes the coach would be due. She was just about to reach out her hand for her fleecy hood, when her mother spoke.

"Muriel," said she, "I can't spare Sarah now, and it is long past Robbie's bed-time. Can't you put him to bed to-night?"

Muriel turned, with a little sinking of the heart, to

do her mother's bidding. Perhaps, even yet, there might be time. But Robbie was excited and wakeful, so he rebelled vigorously against the idea of going to bed, and, being gifted with obstinacy enough for a full-grown man, it was some time before Muriel succeeded in tucking him into his little white crib. This accomplished, she began to sing softly, but Robbie's mutinous spirit resented this palpable attempt to inveigle him into slumber, and he said, defiantly:

"Oh! I aint going to sleep just yet, Muriel. Tell me a story—two or three of 'em!"

"A fairy story?" asked Muriel, faintly.

"No, tell me about Daniel, first."

Thus instructed, Muriel began. Fortunately, she had told this story so often that it had become a purely mechanical performance. Her thoughts wandered far away from the subject. At last, Robbie lay so still that she paused, experimentally.

"Oh! you needn't think I'm asleep," cried the small tyrant, drowsily. "Go on, Muriel, what happened to him then?"

And Muriel hastily resumed:

"Oh! they threw him into a den of great, fierce, hungry lions, Robbie, and"—(Was that the sound of a footstep crunching the crisp snow in the lane? Muriel's heart seemed to stop beating.)

"Go on, go on!" cried Robbie, impatiently.

What story had she been telling him? For an instant it all went out of Muriel's mind, and she said, quite at random:

"And then the fairy god-mother came"—

There was an indignant flounce under the white bed-clothes.

"Whose fairy god-mother?—Daniel's?" inquired Robbie, with sarcastic scorn.

(Now the footsteps have reached the porch, and now —ah! he has come!)

"And I just think, Muriel," went on Robbie, severely, "you'd better read your Bible carefuller, and then maybe you won't be so cross."

"O Robbie! Robbie! it's too late," and Muriel's head went down despairingly on the pillow.

"Oh! no, I guess it isn't," replied Robbie, patronizingly, somewhat gratified by the remarkable effect which his admonition seemed to have produced.

There was a long silence, broken at last by a little sob from Muriel. A moment later a small hand alighted gently on her head, and Robbie whispered:

"Sing to me now, Muriel. I'll be good."

So Muriel sang, in a voice that would quiver a little, until Robbie lay fast asleep.

Then she crept softly to the top of the stairs. She could hear voices and laughter in the room below, and at last one voice inquired, in tones of the calmest indifference,

"Where's Muriel?"

And Mrs. Featherston exclaimed:

"Sure enough! she must be up-stairs somewhere."

And then somebody came to the foot of the stairs and called her.

Pride, not without a touch of vanity, was an important element of Mr. Fred's character. It is needless to say that he met Muriel with an affectation of friendly indifference and an utter ignoring of all else in the past. And was it strange that Muriel's manner unconsciously matched his? She would have broken through walls

of stone and gates of brass if such substantial obstacles had come between herself and Fred; the slight, icy barrier which he himself erected, as a defense for his pride, chilled her into inaction. Only one person noted the change that came over her. Dear old Grandma, perhaps because her spirit was so near the regions of eternal youth, saw and understood it all.

The evening passed miserably enough to Muriel. Her cheeks burned with shame whenever she thought of that dressing-gown, over which she had expended so much time and indulged so many sweet fancies.

"At least, he shall never know anything about it," she determined. "But—can he have forgotten?"

And Fred, as he unpacked his valise that night, glanced, with a slight smile of self-contempt, at a small Russia-leather case which was among its contents.

"She shall never know!" he declared almost fiercely "But—can she have forgotten?"

The next morning brought a host of uncles, aunts, and cousins. Muriel was gayest of the gay, entertaining young and old, never faltering except when she met Grandma's kind, questioning gaze fixed upon her.

After dinner the young people all went for a sleigh-ride, leaving the older ones to arrange all sorts of charming surprises for the evening.

Robbie, with a view to making the delights of the occasion last as long as possible, had decreed that the distribution of the gifts should be deferred until Christmas night, and he was now, with Grandma's assistance, busily preparing his little presents, attaching to each a card on which he had laboriously printed "For mamma, with Robbie's love;" "For papa, with Robbie's love," and so on, throughout the entire family connection

They were in Muriel's room, just finishing this important task, when Robbie made a most astonishing discovery.

"Look, Grandma!" he cried, "Muriel's forgot her present!"

"What present, dear?" asked Grandma.

"Why, the thing she's been making for Fred! Sha'n't I take it to papa with mine?"

Robbie waited a long, long time for an answer, and was about to repeat his question, when Grandma said, quietly:

"Yes, Robbie, you may. Is Fred's name on it?"

"No, but I'll put it on," cried Robbie, with officious eagerness. "How do you spell Fred?"

And in a few moments the package was hanging on the tree, duly labeled, in Robbie's, tipsy capitals, "For Fred, with Muriel's love."

That night, Fred, being the tallest of the party, was elected to distribute the presents. It happened that his own package was the last, and no one noticed the quick flush of astonishment that swept over his face as he read the card and hastily tore off the wrappings. No one? Ah, yes! Muriel noticed it at once, with feelings closely allied to horror; and as Fred took a quick step in her direction she rose, with only one idea in her mind, a wild, unreasoning longing to escape. A moment later she was in the dusky hall—but, so was Fred!

They did not return to the others until long after Robbie, with all his bright anticipations realized, had been removed to the nursery. Exactly what took place in the interval not even Grandma ever knew, but the soft flush on Muriel's face, and the persistency with which she avoided the look of a glad, half-teasing

triumph in Fred's blue eyes, left little to conjecture, and on Muriel's arm flashed a dainty jeweled bracelet —an exact counterpart of the one she was so sure would be acceptable to Fred's cousin.

A little later Muriel ran up to the nursery, where Robbie was sitting bolt upright in his crib, too excited to sleep, with all his presents round him.

"Look, Muriel!" he cried, as soon as he saw her. "Lots o' things I got—candy and picture-books and—"

But here he was interrupted by a hearty hug and kiss, and the assurance that he was "the dearest, sweetest little fellow in the world!"

Servile flattery was the very breath of Robbie's nostrils. He instantly became perfectly cherubic, and clasped his arms around Muriel's neck with the most enchanting graciousness.

"Fred sent you his love and a kiss," went on Muriel, confidentially. "Don't you want to send him a nice message in return?"

"Yes," said Robbie, a sweet little smile just touching his lips, and lighting up his large, dark eyes.

"What shall I tell him, pet?"

"Something nice," came with angelic sweetness from the daintily curved lips.

"Of course, darling," ecstatically. "What shall it be?"

"Well," after a comprehensive survey of his treasures, "I guess some tin soldiers, and a 'xpress wagon, and a box of cards—got everything else I want!" and he settled himself among the pillows with a sigh of ineffable contentment.

Of course, this original and affecting message was duly delivered to Fred. Need I add that it met with a

prompt and liberal response? In short, from that time forth life seemed to Robbie one perpetual Christmas. Fred never allowed him to actually suffer for candy, and Muriel told him stories every night, without once losing either her temper or the thread of her discourse. Thus did they hold in grateful remembrance the important occasion on which Robbie proved himself "a friend at court."

MARGUERITE W. MORTON.

CHRISTENING DOLLY.

(For a little girl.)

SEE, this is my Christmas dolly,
Two weeks ago she came;
And, oh! the trouble I have had
To find a pretty name.

At first I thought of Marguerite—
A French name, meaning "pearl"—
But Nellie said, "Oh! that's too stiff
For such a graceful girl."

And then I mentioned, one by one,
Susanna, Ruth, and Poll,
"But they are too old-fashioned names,"
Nell said, "to suit your doll."

So next I got a great big book,
And searched it through and through,
Then shook my head and sadly said:
"There's not one name will do."

My brother Tom was sitting near;
He raised his eyes and smiled;
"Why, Pussy, dear," he kindly said,
"Suppose I name your child."

"Oh! will you, Brother Tom?" I cried,
And then I hugged him, so;
(hugging her doll.)
"We'll play you are the parson
That christens folks, you know."

So then, he took her in his arms
And solemnly and slow
He said: "This baby's name shall be
Miss Josephine, or Jo."

And there, before I knew it,
My baby had a name;
And what I like about it, is,
That mine is just the same.

E. C. AND L. J. ROOK.

SEEING SANTA CLAUS.

A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

CHARLEY.—A skeptical school-boy.
ANNIE.—His sister, rather younger.
FATHER.—Who also represents SANTA CLAUS.
MOTHER.—Who also represents a FAIRY.
BRIDGET.—The cook.
ROMEO.—A colored servant.
TWO BOYS with the Boar's Head.
A GIRL with the Cross.
A chorus of CHILDREN.

The scene is a parlor, with pictures on the walls, decorated with Christmas green. A fire-place at the back, near which stand two chairs with a long stocking hung on each. A large arm-chair, with an afghan over the back, stands at one side in the extreme front of the stage; a common chair on the opposite side against the wall. The stage is almost dark. Entrances right and left. Annie and Charley, in night-gowns and slippers, enter softly at opposite sides and feel their way carefully along; they bounce against each other in the middle of the stage.

Both (*starting back*).—Oh!

Charley.—Is that you, Annie?

Annie.—Why, Charley, how you frightened me!

Charley.—What are you doing here?

Annie.—What did you come for?

Charley.—Why, I—I thought I'd just look round a little.

Annie.—So did I; but it's so dark!

Charley.—Yes; and you know the world's upside down, too.

Annie.—Oh! dear. [*Clings to him.*] How do you know?

Charley.—It always is in the night: it turns over.

(*They go forward.*)

Annie.—Turns over? But why don't we tumble off, then?

Charley.—Because—because there's some kind of attraction—I can't explain; you're too little to understand.

Annie.—But I'm not upside-down. [*Takes hold of the arm-chair.*]

Charley.—Yes you are—both of us are, and every-

body, just like flies on the ceiling, only we don't notice, because it's dark. [*Takes hold of the arm-chair.*]

Annie.—Let's go to bed again?

Charley.—Well, perhaps we'd better. You go first.

Annie (*looking round*).—I'm afraid. [*Charley goes slowly a few steps.*] Charley!

Charley (*stopping*).—What?

Annie.—Don't go. I'm afraid.

Charley.—What shall we do?

Annie.—Here's the big chair. Let's sit in it together.

(*Charley returns, and both children sit in the chair.*)

Charley.—What did you come for, really?

Annie.—I wanted to see Santa Claus.

Charley.—Do you believe there is any Santa Claus?

Annie.—Don't you?

Charley.—I don't know.

Annie.—Then why did you come?

Charley.—I wanted to find out.

Annie.—I didn't think it would be so dark, did you?

Charley.—I don't know.

Annie (*rising in the chair*).—Let's ut the afghan over us.

(*Takes it from the back of the chair.*)

Charley.—Aren't you going back to bed?

Annie.—I don't know; are you?

Charley.—Not just yet.

Annie.—Then I sha'n't go. [*They nestle together, and Annie spreads the afghan over them and tucks it in.*] There! it's almost like a bed, isn't it?

Charley.—Yes. [*Pause, during which they close their eyes at l begin to breathe hard.*] Annie, does your head feel qu er?

Annie.—Yes; does yours?

Charley.—That's because we're upside-down.

Annie.—Let's go to sleep, and the world will get all right again in a minute—it always does.

Charley (*very sleepy*).—You're too little to understand.

(*They sleep. Soft music on the piano. The stage becomes light. Enter Santa Claus and a Fairy, who go to the stockings. Almost immediately the Fairy looks toward the children, then touching Santa Claus and pointing toward them, sings:*)

Fairy.—Ou-til-lon sa-i-da!

Santa Claus.—Cor la-na fa-chi!

(*They approach the children.*)

Fairy.—Mel-or-neo li-ta!

Santa Claus.—Ca-to-ni bla-vo na-cha!

(*They turn, and Santa Claus goes out. Fairy sings, waving her arms alternately toward the children and the stockings in operatic style.*)

Fairy.—Ta li-da qui-ta,
Ma-de-ra fa-la,
Pa-to-leo di-ti,
Ca-me-ri oula ta-li!

(*Santa Claus enters with a basket of bundles, large and small, which he and the Fairy proceed to put in the stockings and to arrange on the chairs.*)

Santa Claus.—Fa-ri-na lao-di!

Fairy.—Sar pel-lo ret-ti!

Santa Claus.—La bol-zion ou-da!

Fairy.—O bet-ta eh he bet-ta! [*They both laugh, and continue at work. When all the presents are arranged, they advance again.*] *Fairy* (*with a gesture toward one stocking*).—Los e-tos Charley!

Santa Claus (*with a gesture toward the other*).—Eh ah-ta Annie!

(*They turn and go out. The music changes to a march or processional, soft at first and gradually becoming louder. While it is still soft, enter two boys bearing a salver on which is a Boar's Head set on a wreath of evergreen and decked with flowers. Behind them follows a girl with a tall gilt cross wreathed with green; and after her a procession of children with wreaths of evergreen and branches of holly and spruce; two of the last and largest girls bring in a tall, light stand, which they place in the centre, toward the back of the stage. The first boys advance immediately to the middle of the front, the girl with the cross comes directly behind them, and the others group themselves behind her, the groups extending on each side, the smallest children on the outsides, the tallest in the middle, concealing the stand. When all is in place the music stops.*)

Some Children (*reciting in concert*).—
What does the boar's head signify
At this our Christmas feast?
Other Children.—
What has this holy day to do
With such a horrid beast?
One of the Boys with the Boar's Head.—
This head is meant to typify
The savage state of man,
The time of wild and angry strife
Ere Christmas days began.
Other Boy.—
The lawless passions of the race,
The deeds of cruel wrong,

Before the barbarous world had heard
The Christmas angels' song.

Girl with the Cross.—

It shows each nature's baser side,
The selfishness and sin
That lurk where love's all-holy light
Has never entered in.

First Boy.—

Now, after struggles hard and long,
The savage beast is dead:
In token of the victory
Behold his grisly head.

Other Boy.—

And as with flowers and evergreen
Our trophy we adorn,
So show we forth the love and peace
Proclaimed when Christ was born.

Girl with the Cross.—

And ever as the holy time
Of Christmas comes again,
We keep most worthily the feast
By loving deeds to men.
So may His blessed kingdom come,
Be savage passions slain,
And glorious o'er man's baser self
May love, the Christ-like, reign.

[The processional music begins again. The girl turns and leads to the back of the stage, the boys following; the groups of children opening in the middle to let them through, and closing again as soon as they pass. In doing this the group forms a pyramid, the smallest two children being at the point in front, and eight or ten of the largest

at the back. The boys set the salver on the stand, and turn, keeping their places on each side of it; the girl stands behind it. The groups then separate, like wings diverging from the stand, the little children, who are most in front, being also farthest at the right and left, and the large girls next the boys with the Boar's Head. All this must be farther back on the stage than the arm-chair containing Charley and Annie. When all are in place the music changes, and they sing a carol.

A few Voices.—

We bring in the holly, the ivy, the pine,
The spruce and the hemlock together we twine;
With evergreen branches our walls we array
For the keeping of Christmas, our high holiday.

Full Chorus.—

Heartily, heartily join we to raise
Anthems and hymns of thanksgiving and praise.
Glory to God in the highest we sing,
Peace and good-will are the tidings we bring.

Few Voices.—

We all know the legend so tender and old,
Yet ever again shall the story be told,
How Jesus was born, and His earliest bed
Was a manger for cattle in Bethlehem's shed.

Chorus.—Heartily, heartily, etc. (*as before*).

Few Voices.—

All lowly, yet is He the greatest of kings;
All poor, yet the richest of treasures He brings;
All feeble, yet spared not earth's heaviest load;
All simple, yet sent with a message from God.

Chorus.—Heartily, heartily, etc.

Few Voices.—

O holy child Jesus, like Thee may we be,
Not scorning the world, yet from worldliness free;
In the midst of temptation, by sin undefiled,
And keeping the pure, loving heart of a child.

Chorus.—

Heartily, heartily, join we to raise
Anthems and hymns of thanksgiving and praise:
Glory to God in the highest, we sing,
Peace and good-will are the tidings we bring.

(*The girl with the cross leads out the procession, followed by the boys with the boar's head, then the large girls with the stand, then the rest, two and two, in order, from the largest to the smallest. Appropriate music meanwhile. When all are gone the stage grows dark.*)

Annie (*moving uneasily*).—Charley!

Charley (*starting*).—Hey?

Annie.—Have I been asleep?

Charley (*very sleepy*).—Oh! What?

Annie.—I don't feel quite sure.

Charley.—Why not?

Annie.—It seemed to be real.

Charley.—What did?

Annie.—Santa Claus, and the Fairy, and the Boar's Head, and all.

Charley.—Why, did you dream that too?

Annie.—Why, did you?

Charley.—It seems as if I did.

Annie.—It must have been real; don't you think so?

Charley.—I don't know about that; we might have dreamt it.

Annie.—Is it morning?

Charley.—No; don't you see it's dark?

Annie.—I haven't opened my eyes; I was afraid.

Charley.—Let's go to sleep again.

Annie.—Oh! it was just beautiful! [*Charley yawns and they soon fall asleep again to the sound of soft music. The stage gradually grows light. A milkman's whistle is heard from behind the scenes. Enter Bridget, carrying carefully two plates, on each of which is a frosted cake.*]

Bridget.—The milkman's waitin', sure, but I'll not break me cakes for the likes of him, that I made out of me own head to plaze the darlin's this blessed Christmas Day. [*Sees Annie and Charley.*] Och, me sowl! if they haven't been slaping here awake all noight to see what Christmas'll be afther bringin' 'em! [*While she puts a cake in each of the two chairs by the chimney, a pounding is heard outside, and the milkman's whistle is repeated.*] Och! be aisy now! Is that the manners of ye, whistlin' me a merry Christmas wid yer fist? I'm a comin'! I'm a comin'!

(*Exit Bridget, running. Enter, from the other side, Romeo with a paper soldier-cap, and a young kitten in a basket. He goes to the chairs.*)

Romeo.—Which be Mar'se Charley's stockin' now? Case 'twon't nebber do to put de stockin's on the wrong foot, nohow. What'n Miss Annie do wif a sojer-cap? G'long, you ole fool nigger, you'se got fine out somehow. [*Pokes around about the stockings.*] Bress me if I kin fine out! Noten but papers an' papers, an' eberyting tied up! I done guv up! [*Sees the children.*] Whew! Clar to goodness, if dar ain't dem bressed chil'n fas' asleep. I'se got a notion. [*Approaching them.*] S'pose now, I jes' chuck dis yer little cat in Miss Annie's lap, an' stick dis yer sojer-cap on Mar'se Charley's head! Ho, ho, ho! [*He does as he proposes.*] Hi, now! won't

dey be 'stonish'? Dey'll neber 'spec Romeo, dey'll tink 'twas Santa Claus! Ho, ho, ho!

Father (*outside*).—Romeo! I say, Romeo!

Romeo (*hurrying to the door*).—I's comin' right 'long, Mars'r.

(*Romeo goes out. Mother, in morning-wrapper and breakfast shawl, enters from the other side, and looks toward the stockings; she sees the cakes.*)

Mother.—Something more from Santa Claus! What pains Bridget has taken to make these beautiful cakes for the children, and how pleased they will be! [*Turns to the arm-chair.*] Poor little dears! Why, what in the world—? Oh! that must be a present from Romeo; he's made them before out of newspapers, but this is something really magnificent! And—yes; a cunning little kitten for Annie; I wonder whether he heard her wishing for one the other day. I do think we have the best servants—

Father (*entering*).—Are the children up yet?

Mother.—No; here they are still in the arm-chair, sound asleep.

Father.—I wonder why they didn't go back to bed after we were gone.

Mother.—Do you know I think now that they may have been really asleep all the time, and not making believe, as I fancied.

Father.—Then that masquerading and nonsense of ours was all thrown away!

Mother.—On them, yes, perhaps so; but we had some fun out of it ourselves.

Father.—So we did! You made a charming fairy.

Mother.—And you a perfect Santa Claus. [*Sings with gesture.*] Los e-tos Charley!

Father (*the same*).—Eh alta Annie! [*They laugh. The children draw deep breaths and move.*] Wake up, little folks!

Mother.—Merry Christmas, my darlings!

Annie (*rubbing her eyes*).—Oh! er-er—what?

Charley (*yawning*).—Ah-oo! Hey?

Annie.—Oh! what a dear little kitty. Did you give it to me, papa?

(*Father takes Annie up.*)

Mother.—Here, put this shawl around her. [*Takes off her shawl and gives it to Father, as he crosses with Annie to the chair on the opposite side of the stage, and sits there with Annie on his knee, and the shawl over her. Meantime Charley puts his hand to his head and knocks off the soldier-cap.*]

Charley.—What's that?

(*Mother picks it up and gives it to him; pushes the arm-chair so that it faces the audience, and sits on one arm of it.*

Father.—Santa Claus must have been round last night.

(*Annie and Charley exchange significant glances.*)

Mother (*fondling Charley.*)—What I want to know is why my darlings slept here last night instead of staying in their own little beds?

Charley.—Oh! we wanted to—to—

Annie.—To see Santa Claus.

Mother (*winking at Father*).—And did you see him?

Charley.—I don't know—

Annie.—Why, yes we did, Charley, and the fairy, too.

Father.—And did Santa Claus and the fairy have anything to say?

Annie.—Yes.

Mother.—What was it?

Annie (*hesitating*).—I—I—don't know.

Father (*winking at Mother*).—Don't know! Why not?

Charley.—We couldn't understand. There was music —and—and—you see they don't talk like us; I guess it was French.

Mother (*smiling*).—Oh! they talked French! Well, what did they do? Did they give you this? [*Points to cap.*]

Charley.—No; they only fussed round a little while, and then went off. [*Father and Mother laugh.*]

Annie.—But that wasn't the best of it! All those little children, you know, Charley, and the angel with the cross.

Charley (*doubtfully*).—Ye-s—and the boys with the boar's head.

Father.—What are they talking about?

Mother.—They must have been dreaming!

Annie.—Wasn't it real, papa?

Father.—That's a conundrum. Boys with a boar's head!

Mother.—An angel with a cross! I can't make it out!

Father.—A pretty mixed up affair, anyway, I suspect. (*Breakfast bell rings.*)

Mother.—Dear me! There's the breakfast bell, and these children are not dressed!

Father.—No matter, it's Christmas Day, and we're going to see what's in the stockings first.

(*Puts Annie down; Charley with his soldier-cap on, and holding the afghan around him, gets on his feet, and all turn toward the stockings.*)

Charley.—Hullo!

Annie.—Oh! [*Father and Mother go to the chairs where the stockings hang.*]

Charley.—That's what they were doing.

Annie.—Then we really—

Both.—Saw Santa Claus.

(*Charley pulls off his cap and waves it, jumping about.*)

Charley.—Hooray! [*Father claps his hands. Bridget looks in at one side, and Romeo at the other. Annie sets down her kitten, snatches off her shawl, and waves it with both hands, jumping about as Charley does.*]

Annie.—Hooray! hooray! [*Mother claps her hands too. Charley tosses down his cap, pulls off his afghan, and waves that.*]

Both Children.—Hooray! hooray! hooray! [*Bridget and Romeo clap their hands too, and the curtain falls.*]

Time occupied in representation, about forty minutes.

COSTUMES.

CHARLEY AND ANNIE.—Long, white night gowns over their undergarments. Their legs from the knee down should be bare, and their feet in slippers.

FATHER AS SANTA CLAUS.—Long fur, or fur-trimmed coat, high boots, beard powdered, or false beard and wig, fur cap. AS HIMSELF.—Dark trousers, breakfast jacket.

MOTHER AS FAIRY.—Pink, blue, or yellow tarletan, or white lace dress with train, tinsel trimmings. Silver band, or diadem, with brilliants, from which falls a long veil. AS HERSELF.—Pretty morning wrapper and knitted shawl.

BRIDGET.—Neat print gown and white cap and apron.

ROMEO.—Drab trousers, gay waistcoat and necktie, white shirt sleeves. Coat on when he looks in at the last.

BOYS WITH THE BOAR'S HEAD.—Long stockings or tights, full trunks, loose jackets belted in with leather belts, full puffed sleeves, broad lace collars or pleated ruffs, and wrist ruffles to correspond. Effective suits may be made of cambric of two contrasting colors, as red and blue, or buff and maroon, one-half of each suit of each color, like some of the mediæval and heraldic pictures. The stockings may either correspond in color with the side of the suit, or a dark stocking

on the light side, and a light stocking on the dark side. Low shoes or slippers should be worn. Or the two boys may wear red skirts and white surplices.

GIRL WITH THE CROSS.—White tulle dress, with drapery hanging from the back of the shoulders; white stockings and white slippers. Her hair flowing loose.

THE OTHER CHILDREN need no special costumes.

PROPERTIES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Four chairs, one of them a large arm-chair, one of the kind called "Sleepy Hollow" would be best. An afghan, or knitted carriage blanket. Two long stockings. Basket of bundles large and small. Two frosted cakes in plates; these may be made of inverted flower-pots covered with white paper, and ornamented with white paper trimmings. A kitten, which may be roughly made of a piece of fur, stuffed, and a red ribbon tied round where the neck is supposed to be; this, curled up in a basket, will do very well. A soldier-cap of gilt paper, with fringes and rosette of different bright-colored tissue papers. A cross made of lathing, the long piece about five feet in length, the cross-bar about half a yard; it is to be covered with gilt paper, and trimmed with evergreen or smilax, not too heavily. Wreaths of evergreen and branches of spruce and holly. The boar's head on a salver. To make this, take a sheet of thin, brown mottled press-board, cut it just square, and roll it into a cone, leaving a long opening toward the smaller end. Fasten the ends brought together. Cut three short slits at the corner that forms the small end, and turn back the corner. This will form the snout. Then on the larger end, about half way between the point and the fastening, cut slits on each side, and others nearer the point. Curve down and lap these slits, fasten them, and add an under jaw, and the foundation of the head will be made. Put on cotton batting, and strips of cambric, as needed, and sew them down till the form is correct, then cover all with drab or brown cambric, fitted exactly on the outside, no matter how many over-seams there have to be in it to accomplish this. The nose is made of a piece of the press-board cut round, a layer or so of batting, and a covering of the drab cambric; it is sewed to the covering of the head by over-seaming on the edge. Little seams taken up where the eyes should be will help to fit the covering, and look like closed eyelids. Paint the covering to make it represent the skin of the animal as nearly as possible. Take curled horse-hair and attach it about the neck and cheeks, not too thickly, and on the top of the head make the ears also of this. Make the tusks of light brownish cambric stuffed to the proper shape, and the tongue of pinkish cloth, not too bright. Sew red cambric on the back to close up the neck, and fasten a bunch of holly there to partially conceal it. Fasten the head by the chin and back of the throat to an evergreen wreath. Set this on a salver, or small tray, and then decorate all with flowers.

A sufficiently good picture to serve as guide may be obtained by send-

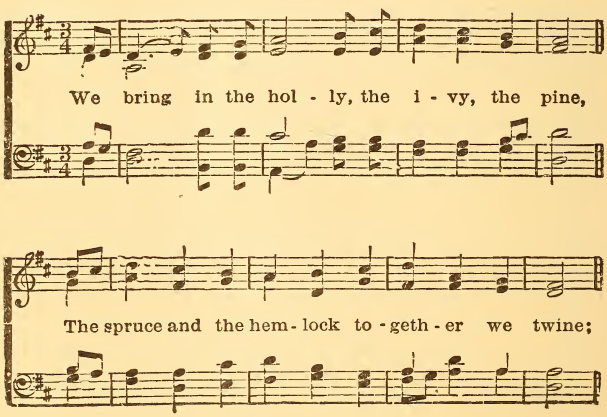
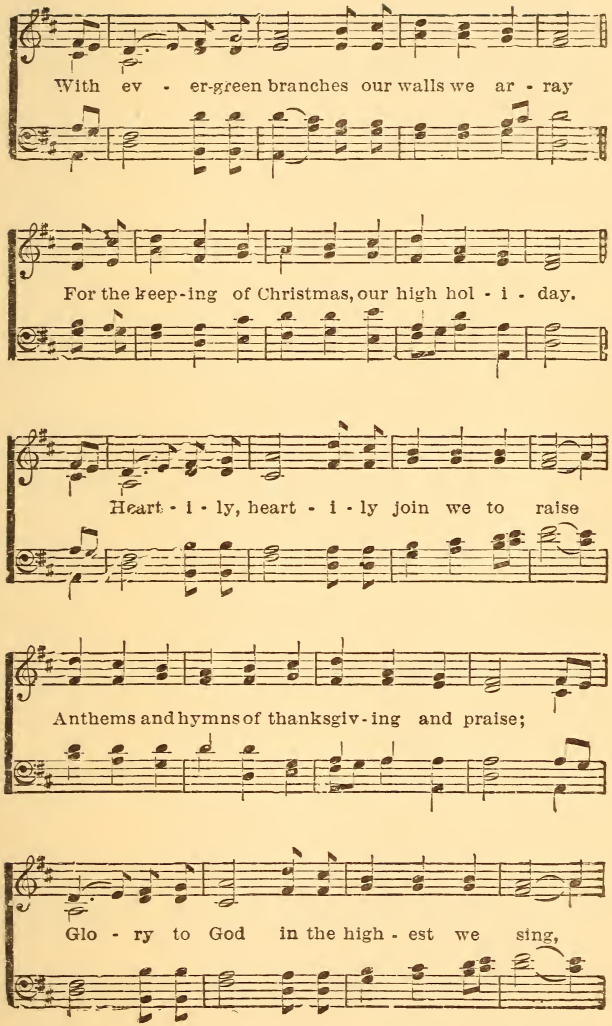
ing a stamp for return postage, and addressing the proprietor of the Boar's Head Hotel, Hampton Beach, N. H.

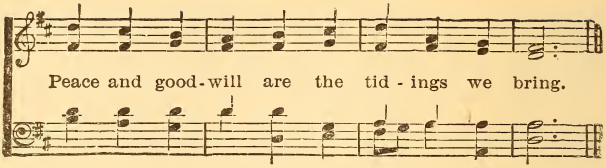
The words sung by Santa Claus and the fairy are mere nonsense-words, and any others may be substituted, provided they are easy to sing, and do not have any meaning to the children.

The music of the carol is adapted from an old song, the words are modern. Any other carol may be used instead of this. Before and during the entrance of the procession, the music of "Adeste fideles," called in some collections "The Portuguese Hymn," is suggested as appropriate; and for their going out, that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, which is set to the words of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in several Sunday-School collections. While forming the "wings," before singing the carol, the music of "The Christmas Tree," by Niels W. Gade (in a series of short pieces called "The Children's Christmas Eve"), would be suitable, and "Good-Night," from the same series, played softly, would be appropriate for both times, during which the two children fall asleep in the arm-chair; or the "Nocturn" in Mendelsshon's "Midsummer Night's Dream" might be used for one.

Mrs. L. A. Bradbury.

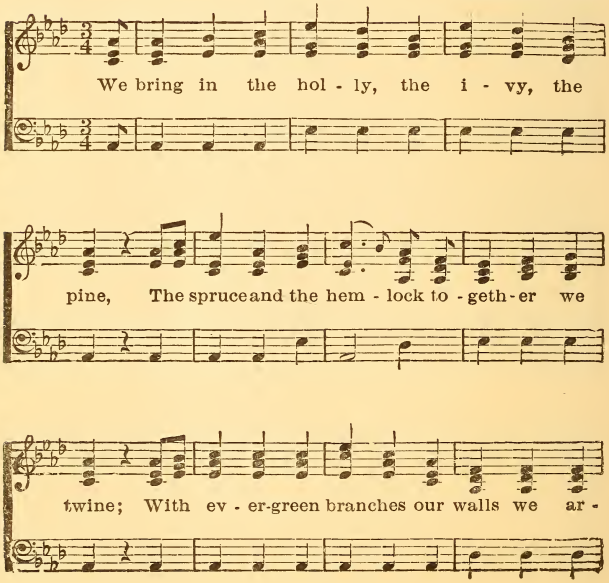
CAROL.

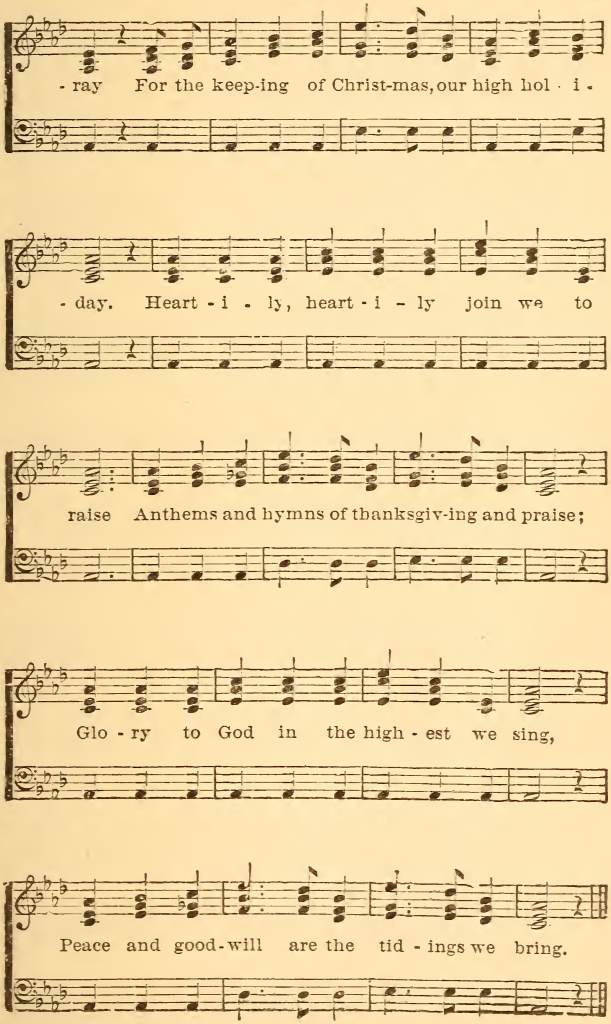
Old English.

With ev - er-green branches our walls we ar - ray
For the keep-ing of Christmas, our high hol - i - day.
Heart - i - ly, heart - i - ly join we to raise
Anthems and hymns of thanksgiv-ing and praise;
Glo - ry to God in the high - est we sing,



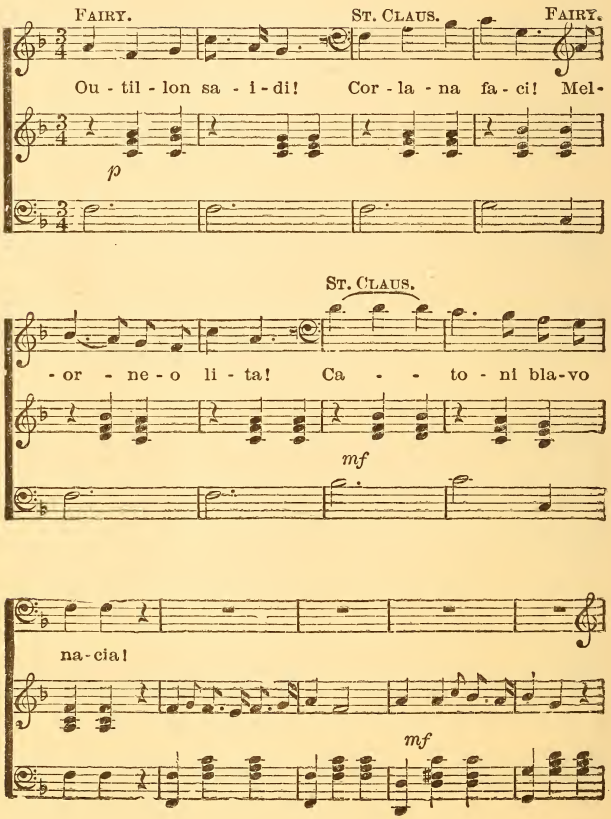
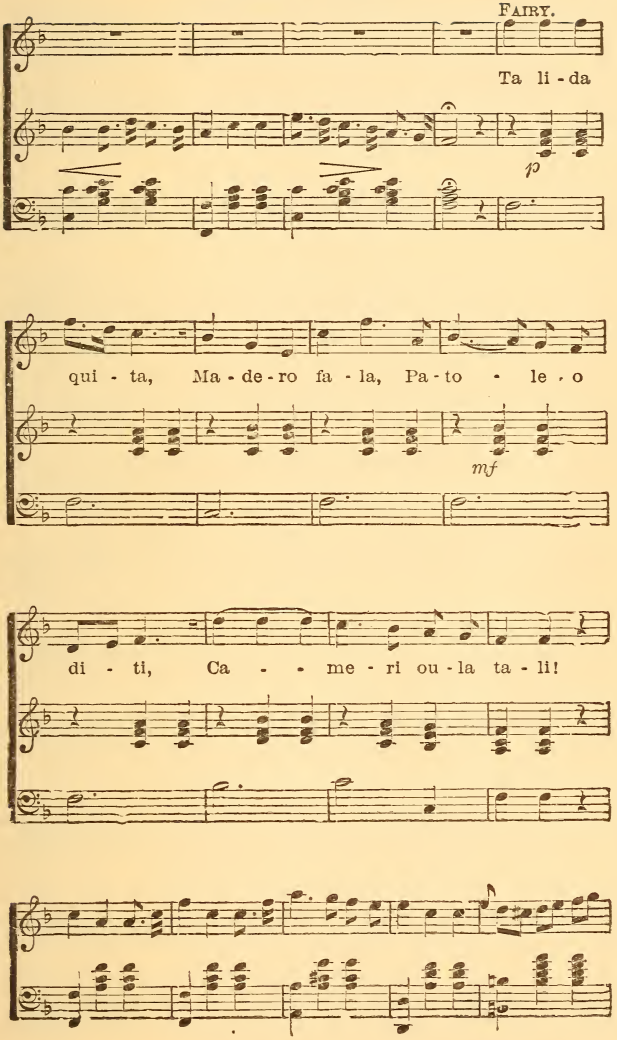
CAROL.

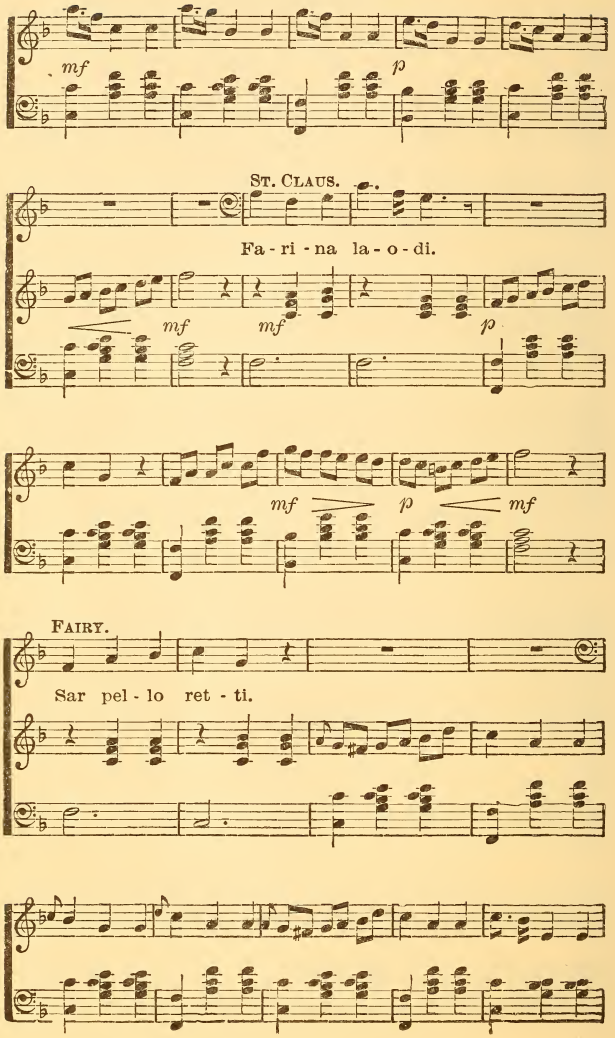
Harmony by S. C. B.

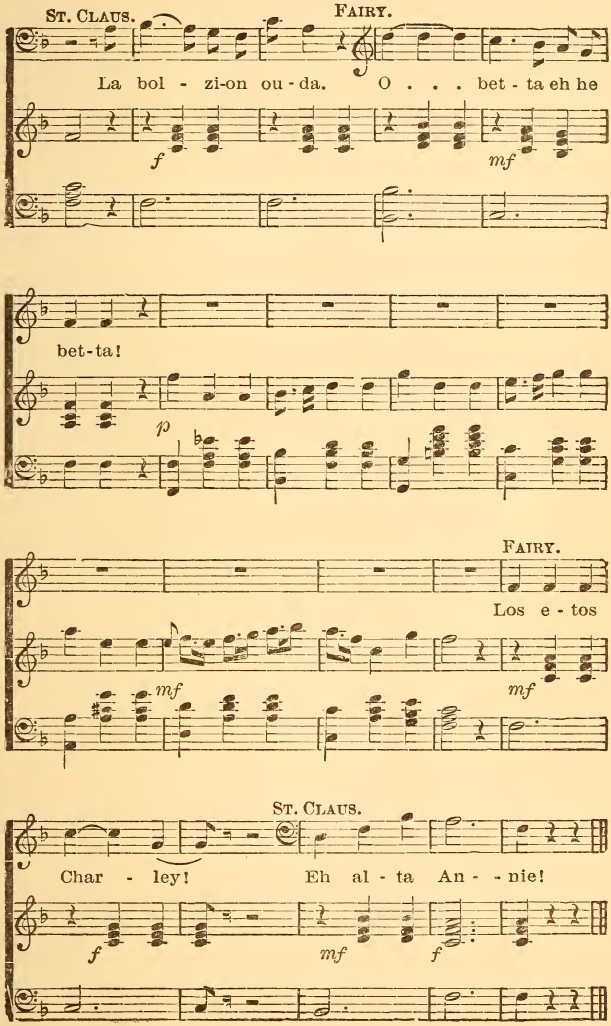

We bring in the hol - ly, the i - vy, the
pine, The spruce and the hem - lock to - geth - er we
twine; With ev - er-green branches our walls we ar -


- ray For the keep-ing of Christ-mas, our high hol - i -
- day. Heart - i - ly, heart - i - ly join we to
raise Anthems and hymns of thanksgiv-ing and praise;
Glo - ry to God in the high - est we sing,
Peace and good-will are the tid - ings we bring.

OUTILLON SAIDI!

Music by L. A. B. Arrangement by S. C. B.

FAIRY.
Ta li - da
p
qui - ta, Ma - de - ro fa - la, Pa - to - le - o
mf
di - ti, Ca - - me - ri ou - la ta - li!


mf
p
ST. CLAUS.
Fa - ri - na la - o - di.
mf
mf
p
mf
p
mf
FAIRY.
Sar pel - lo ret - ti.


ST. CLAUS.
FAIRY.
La bol - zi-on ou - da. O . . . bet - ta eh he
f
mf
bet-ta!
p
FAIRY.
Los e - tos
mf
mf
ST. CLAUS.
Char - ley! Eh al - ta An - - nie!
f
mf
f

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

DIALOGUE FOR SIX CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS.

JAMES.—In character of Old Year—white flowing beard, leaning on staff.

HARRY.—Small boy in character of New Year, in bright fancy costume, carrying an anchor.

PAUL.—A young lad in eager expectation of the New Year, enters to hurry off the Old Year.

MAUD.—Enters urging Old Year to bear away the remembrance of broken resolutions and past follies.

ALFRED.—Dressed as an old man, begging to go with Old Year, as he has taken away so many of his kindred.

ELLA.—Dressed in mourning, addresses Old Year, clings to him, refuses to let him go without her, as he has taken away her mother.

Paul.—

SO, good Old Year, we part to-day,
I've come to speed you on your way;
Though you have been so good and true
I'm glad to say good-bye to you.
Your steps at first were blithe and gay,
But now you've grown so old and gray,
So very feeble you appear,
Your work is done. Good-bye, Old Year!

Maud.—

Old Year, I've come to beg of you
To carry far from human view
The many plans I had in mind,
The firm resolves of many kinds
With which I hailed you when you came;
They never lived except in name.
And now, Old Year, I've told you why
I've come to you to say good-bye.

Alfred.—

Take me, I pray you, dear Old Year,
Before the glad New Year appear;
I've no joy-tones to greet him now,
For age and sorrow weight my brow.
My earthly treasures, one by one,
You took, and left me here alone.
Like you, Old Year, my time is sped,
I would be numbered with the dead.

Ella.—

Old Year, I cannot let you go,
Though you have brought me so much woe;
My dearest mother you have taken,
And lonely, sad, forlorn, forsaken,
The glad New Year I cannot greet
With gladsome smile. I would retreat
With you, Old Year, nor longer stay;
So bear me with you on your way.

(*James, as Old Year, turns to Paul.*)

Glad youth, my boy, is ready quite
To hurry off the gray old years,
And in his bouyant strength and might
He nothing dreads and nothing fears.
But ere we part, let me now say,
Live well and nobly, day by day;
Then, as you see each year depart,
You still will keep your joyous heart.

(*James addresses Alfred.*)

Wait but a little longer, friend,
And patient bear your human lot;

Your path is almost at its end,
Its loneliness will be forgot
In the glad meeting that's in store
Of friends who've journeyed on before;
Your vanished youth God will restore
When years are counted up no more.

(*James addresses Maud.*)

So you would shuffle off with me
The record of each broken vow;
I bear them to eternity,
You cannot change them ever now.
Learn well a lesson from me here,
Ne'er let each old, departing year
Bear far away the deed of word;
Let action speak that can be heard.

(*James addresses Ella.*)

Though I reluctant brought to thee
The sharpest pain in Nature's plan,
The hopeful year with sympathy
Will gently soothe you all he can;
The Old Year takes, the New Year gives,
The woes and joys in mortal lives;
'Tis ordered thus by Wisdom's hand,
Who earth and heaven doth command.

(*Old Year steps back and crouches down, while New Year steps forward and is greeted first by Paul.*)

Ha! ha! New Year, I'm glad you've come,
I hope you've brought to me
The gift of health, the gift of wealth,
And rare old jollity.

Maud.—

And, kind New Year, to me you've brought
What I most need of you,
The strength of mind, the strength of heart
For all my purpose true.

Alfred.—

And I, fair Year, would only ask
A little patience still
To calmly wait the approaching hour
Appointed by God's will.

Ella.—

And I, dear Year, would plead with you
To let me take a part
In ministering sympathy
To the sorrowing in heart.

(*Harry, as New Year, addresses all.*)

The mystery of joy and pain
We cannot solve by sight;
But each must take his meted lot
And know 'tis measured right;
For when God comes to gather in
The harvest of all years,
We'll plainly see why some had joys,
And others many tears.

MRS. E. J. GOODFELLOW.

IN SANTA-CLAUS-LAND.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS.
TRENT—Steward and general overseer to Santa Claus.
MRS. TRENT.
DOCTOR SNUFNUFF—A peripatetic physician.
CLIP—A boy. Servant to Snufnuff.
ONA—A fairy.

COSTUMES.

SANTA CLAUS.—Flowing white wig and beard, dressing-gown and slippers. On entrance in Scene III, a large fur-trimmed cloak, fur cap, Arctic overshoes, and red leggings.

TRENT.—Short, red, pleated blouse, belted at the waist (one can be cheaply made of cambric), trimmed with large buttons; knee trousers of gray cloth, gray hose, and low shoes; cap of black velvet with long gray or white plume.

MRS. TRENT.—Any tasteful home costume.

DOCTOR SNUFNUFF.—Black coat, vest, and knee trousers, white hose, low shoes. Cap of black velvet without visor; hair and beard long, waving, and iron-gray. Carries a physician's medicine case.

CLIP.—Plain, dark suit.

ONA.—Short dress of pink or white tarlatan. Pasteboard wings covered with gilt paper. Long white wand.

SCENE.—Interior of Trent's house until Scene III, when it changes to the interior of Santa Claus's house. An ordinary sitting-room or parlor will do, but when the scene shifts to Santa Claus's house some changes should be made in the furniture, etc., and, if possible, touches given suggestive of its owner.

SCENE I.

Curtain rising reveals Mrs. Trent rocking a cradle with her foot, and engaged with any light needle work.

Mrs. Trent (singing, no instrumental accompaniment).—

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Gone the sun to other skies,
Thou must close thy tired eyes,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
O'er the land of Santa Claus
Night her sable curtain draws,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
But, whate'er the skies may be,
Baby rests from danger free,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Now the waxen eyelids close,
Held at last in sweet repose,
Lies the tender, helpless form,
Sheltered safe from harm or storm,
Yes, the baby sleeps.

This "cradle song" may be sung to the familiar tune known usually as "Put Me in My Little Bed." Omit the first "Sleep, baby, sleep," if preferred, and sing the others softly in four descending notes.

[*Rises and comes forward.*] I cannot imagine what keeps Trent so late. But, then, this is a busy time of year. The dear children little know what Christmas means to us. It means hard work for every dweller in Santa-Claus-land. Ah! I hear voices and footsteps. Perhaps my husband brings a guest. That is his greatest fault—he will bring home visitors without giving me warning. Yes, here they come. [*Enter Trent and Doctor Snufnuff. Trent introduces the Doctor to his wife. Both acknowledge introduction in usual manner.*]

Doctor Snufnuff.—I am, as you are doubtless aware, Mrs. Trent, a stranger in Santa-Claus-land, and am overcome with delight and amazement at the many wonderful things shown me by your courteous husband.

Trent.—But, Minnie, we are famishing. Is tea nearly ready?

Mrs. Trent.—With your permission I will be excused and attend to it. [*Exit Mrs. Trent.*]

Trent (*following on tip-toe*).—I must see that the door is closed. [*Returning.*] Yes, all is safe. We want no eavesdropping. Now, this is what I want of you, Doctor. Old Santa, as you well know, has had the full control of this Christmas business for many hundred years without giving a moment's place to any one else. I have been with him long, and have learned all his tricks and charms. The words to be said when he drops his gifts into his magic box, causing them to dwindle away in size, the words that reduce him to a pigmy so tiny that he can enter the narrowest chimney, the charm by which his reindeer can travel whole leagues in a minute, and also the magic words by which he passes unharmed over the network of wires in large cities, are all familiar to me. Moreover, I have supervised in one way or another the making of all the gifts, and now, why shouldn't I distribute them this year instead of old Santa himself?

Doctor Snufnuff.— Why not, indeed? I should think the old fellow would be glad to rest.

Trent.—Not he. He loves not only the work but its honors as well. Once I barely hinted the matter to him, and he flew into a terrible rage and wouldn't speak to me for a week. So, you see (*goes close to the Doctor and, laying his hand upon his arm, speaks low*), what I cannot accomplish by fair means I must by foul.

Doctor Snufnuff (*starting from him*).—You don't mean to kill the old fellow?

Trent (*shocked*).—Kill him? No, indeed; I wouldn't

if I could, and I couldn't if I would; he is immortal. Neither edge of steel nor force of ball can harm him. I simply mean to use a little stratagem, and want your connivance.

Doctor Snufnuff (walking away and shaking his head vigorously).—No, sir; no, sir. I put the whole thing from me. Do you suppose I would stoop to deed so dark while I am a guest of the jolly old Saint? Sir, you mistake me.

Trent (going up to him again).—Come, come; we don't want any tragedy. I am not going to harm old Santa. Let me explain. You have your medicines there. [*Pointing to medicine case.*]

Doctor Snufnuff.—Yes.

Trent.—And, of course, you possess some pills, powders, or potions that will produce a heavy sleep?

Doctor Snufnuff.—Ah! I see your plan. While the Saint sleeps you will steal his vocation? But even this I am averse to engaging in. Suppose we are discovered?

Trent.—That is impossible, since we are both anxious for secrecy. But, come, what is your price? We have no money in Santa-Claus-land, but we have silver, gold, diamonds.

Doctor Snufnuff (walking away indignantly).—Young man, I am not to be bought—I will not become a partner in your treachery.

Trent.—Oh! well, then I must give up visiting the world again until my term is out.

Doctor Snufnuff.—Your term?

Trent.—Yes. You must know that every one who comes to Santa-Claus-land, whether from choice, as I did, or by accident, as you did, is really a prisoner—

Doctor Snufnuff (*starting*).—Ah!

Trent.—And cannot escape until a certain fairy has given him leave—

Doctor Snufnuff (*eagerly*).—Her name?

Trent.—To go. When I came, however, I agreed to stay a certain number of years, therefore even the fairy cannot release me, and, as I felt a little homesick, I thought I would like to see the gay world once more, but since you decline to help me—

Doctor Snufnuff.—But the name of this fairy you neglected to mention. Come, I have money [*taking out a full purse and opening it*]. How much do you want to tell me who and where she is?

Trent (*imitating the Doctor's former manner*).—Old man, I am not to be bought.

Doctor Snufnuff (*aside*).—I am a first-class idiot. I lost a chance to win a potful of gold. [*To Trent:*] That was all rhodomontade. Let us understand each other. You want an opiate, I want to escape from this place, for, like all human beings, the spot where I am forced to stay immediately becomes intolerable to me.

(*Enter Mrs. Trent.*)

Mrs. Trent.—Gentlemen, your tea is served.

(*Exeunt, Mrs. Trent leading, Doctor Snufnuff and Trent following arm-in-arm and whispering together.*)

[Curtain.]

Scene II.—The Same.

(*Before the curtain rises the loud cries of a baby are heard. Curtain rising, shows Mrs. Trent taking baby from the cradle. A large doll dressed like an infant is used.*)

Mrs. Trent (*in a low, coaxing tone*).—Poor little sing, did he sink his mamma had dawn and left him? [*Sits in rocker and rocks, gently patting and soothing the baby while talking to it.*] Well, she hadn't, so she hadn't, but mamma was so busy and papa's dawn off wiz the naughty old Doctor wiz a funny name, and dess left baby all lonie lonie. There, there, baby sant be 'bused any more, so he sant. [*Sings "Bye, baby, bye," over and over.*]

(*Enter Clip, stealthily, looking cautiously about.*)

Mrs. Trent.—Well, my little man, who may you be? You seem to be looking for some one.

Clip.—O ma'am! I'm only Clip, Doctor Snufnuff's errand-boy.

Mrs. Trent.—So that is who you are. But what is the matter? Didn't Jane give you supper enough?

Clip (*excitedly staring and looking about*).—Oh! yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am. But is there any one here?

Mrs. Trent.—Why, no, you funny boy—nobody but the baby and myself. Of what are you afraid?

Clip.—O ma'am! something awful's going to happen. You won't tell on me, will you?

Mrs. Trent.—Something awful? What do you mean?

Clip.—But you won't tell?

Mrs. Trent.—No, no; there baby, hush dear. [*Sings softly "Bye, baby, bye," during all of Clip's part.*]

Clip.—O ma'am! my master—you know him?

Mrs. Trent.—Yes, of course, our guest, Doctor Snuffnuff.

Clip.—And—and—and your husband, ma'am—

Mrs. Trent (*leaning forward eagerly*).—Is anything the matter with my husband?

Clip.—No, ma'am, I guess not, but he and my

master are going to do something to harm Santa Claus, and I thought maybe you could stop it if you knew about it. I like old Santa Claus better than ever, now that I have seen him. What would we boys do without him? I don't know just what they are going to do, 'cause I couldn't hear it all. O ma'am! [*falling on his knees*] don't let dear, dear old Santa Claus be hurt. If he should die what would become of the world?

Mrs. Trent.—Never fear, Clip. He cannot die, no matter what they may do to him. But I will learn what their plot is, if I can, and perhaps I can prevent its success.

Clip.—Oh! thank you, ma'am. Now I must go before my master misses me. [*Exit Clip, running.*]

Mrs. Trent.—I am glad the baby is asleep again. [*Rises and lays it in the cradle, softly singing "Bye baby, bye" as she lays it down, then walks away from the cradle and claps her hands three times softly.*]

(*Enter Ona.*)

Ona (*bowing low*).—Sweet lady, what is your will?

Mrs. Trent.—O dear Ona! do you know there is harm threatening Santa Claus? Can you not prevent it?

(*Ona shades her eyes with her hand and looks away. Mrs. Trent returns to the cradle and rocks it gently while watching Ona; both continue thus for a minute.*)

Ona (*lowering her hand and turning toward Mrs. Trent*).—Yes; it's a well-laid scheme, but you, Mrs. Trent, shall foil it.

Mrs. Trent (*leaving the cradle and coming forward*).—I, Ona? What can I do?

Ona.—Everything. First you must go over to Santa's house, where your husband now is.

Mrs. Trent.—I cannot leave the baby.

Ona.—I will attend to the baby. And now hasten. I will see that you have a reason for calling your husband out of the house. The rest must depend on your woman's wit, for you must change the pipes.

Mrs. Trent.—Change the pipes?

Ona.—Yes. Ask no questions, but obey me, and remember this is your mission—to change the pipes. [*Exit Mrs. Trent.*] Trent has grown discontented lately and something must be done to show him his folly and wickedness. How strange he cannot see that there are worse places to live in than Santa-Claus-land. Since "blessings brighten as they take their flight," I will deprive him of his wife and baby for a few months. [*Waves her wand slowly over the cradle.*]

(*Sings.*)

Come, O fairest of fairies!
Bear on your pinions bright
This burden so precious and light,
Softly bear, touch with care.

(*Curtain falls here, but singing continues.*)

Blow, O softest breezes,
Let no touch of pain,
Aught that e'er displeases,
Reach this baby brain.

Let him sleep, fairies keep
All his dreaming free from stain.
Softly bear, fairies, where
Tender love and joy remain.

(*This song of Ona's in calling to the fairies should be given in a slow, tender chant. If possible, let it be in a minor key, which will add to the effect greatly, although, of course, any other key will answer.*)

Scene III.

Room in Santa Claus's house. Curtain rising shows Santa Claus seated in an easy chair, a small stand at his right-hand. A chair and small stand several feet at the right and somewhat behind Santa are reserved for Trent, who is now standing in front of Santa on the right. Doctor Snufnuff also stands before Santa on the left.

Santa Claus.—Now that everything is ready, Trent, the sleigh packed and the reindeer hitched, I believe we will take our "good-luck" smoke. Fill a pipe for all of us. We will have the good Doctor join us.

Trent.—Your pipe is filled and lies there beside you, good Santa. Mine is also ready, but our learned friend, the Doctor, does not smoke.

Santa Claus.—Not smoke! Why, how does that happen? [*Takes up his pipe and presses the contents with his fingers. Dried mullen-leaves or other weeds should be used.*]

Doctor Snufnuff.—Science teaches me, good Santa, that nicotine is poisonous.

Santa Claus (*laying down the pipe*).—Nicotine? What has that to do with our tobacco, Trent?

Trent (*shaking his fist aside at the Doctor*).—Oh! it's some new-fangled thing they claim exists in tobacco. But you and I have never seen it in our pipes, have we?

Santa Claus.—No; not a bit of it. Well, I cannot

keep track of all the modern inventions. If I live another fourteen hundred years I believe I shall begin to think I am an old man. [*Enter Mrs. Trent, a light shawl thrown about her head and shoulders. She breathes as if exhausted from running.*] Why, Mrs. Trent, what is the matter?

Mrs. Trent (*throwing off the shawl*).—Good-evening, gentlemen. I thought I should find you here. [*To Trent.*] One of the reindeer is loose. I met some men hunting for you. [*Aside.*] I may thank Ona for that accident. [*Trent catches up his cap and runs out.*]

Santa Claus.—What a bother. Just as he was going to light my pipe, too.

Mrs. Trent (*going up to the stand and taking the pipe*).—I can light your pipe.

Doctor. Snufnuff.—I thought, good Santa, that your deer were very tame.

Santa Claus (*chuckling*).—Tame enough when you know the charm, and wild enough when you don't. There are three magic words that quiet them instantly.

Doctor Snufnuff.—Wonderful! They are hard to pronounce, I suppose?

Santa Claus.—Oh! no, very simple. [*Aside.*] Does he think he can fool old Santa that way, and learn the charm? Not yet.

(*During these parts, after Mrs. Trent says she can light the pipe, she goes toward the other stand, where are some matches. Her back must be toward the others. While taking a match and lighting it with one hand she adroitly changes the pipes with the other, then turns about and comes toward Santa Claus, holding the lighted match close over the bowl of the pipe. She comes near him just as he finishes his "aside."*)

Why, bless your beautiful eyes, Mrs. Trent, you can never light a pipe in that way. You must take the stem in your mouth and draw on it.

Mrs. Trent.—How stupid I am! But I hear my husband's step. [*Lays down the pipe*] I will leave the task to him.

(*Enter Trent.*)

[*Aside.*] I know not what I have done. I can only trust in Ona. [*To Trent:*] Is all well again, my husband?

Trent.—Yes, thanks to your prompt summons, no harm was done.

Mrs. Trent.—Then, good Santa and Doctor Snufnuff, good-night. [*Exit Mrs. Trent.*]

Trent (*aside*).—She might as well have said good-night to me also.

Santa Claus.—So, now, if everything is all ready again, Trent, we will have our smoke. It is time I was on my way.

Trent.—Yes, all is ready, and as soon as your pipe is empty you can be off. [*Aside.*] Off to slumber. [*Hands him a match.*] Will you light your pipe yourself, or shall I?

Santa Claus.—No, I'll do it myself this time. [*Lights his pipe and leans back in his chair, smoking rapidly. Trent sits down and does the same. Doctor Snufnuff walks up and down the floor carefully watching Santa Claus, but not looking at all at Trent.*]

Doctor Snufnuff (*speaking slowly*).—As you were saying a few moments ago, good Santa Claus, I should think you would begin to feel old. And yet, as it is impossible for you to suffer as ordinary beings do, of course the infirmities of age can have no power over

you. [*Aside.*] I do believe the old fellow is proof against medicine, too. [*To Santa Claus:*] Were all the world like you, how soon my calling would cease. [*Aside.*] Yes, indeed, that powder might as well have been given to a stump. [*To Santa Claus:*] And for us who thrive on others' weaknesses a person like yourself is most unprofitable. [*Aside.*] Think of it! All that drug inhaled and not the slightest shadow of effect. O my professional soul! How it is grieved over so sad a waste of good medicine. A dose like that and no results! [*Groans.*]

Santa Claus.—There, my pipe is smoked out, and I must away. [*Rises and turns toward Trent. The Doctor also turns that way at the same time. Trent is leaning back in his easy chair sound asleep.*]

Doctor Snufnuff (*excitedly*).—What mad mistake is this?

Santa Claus (*laughing*).—Poor Trent, he has gone to sleep and dropped his pipe. Well, I dare say I have worked the poor fellow pretty hard lately. But now he can rest. [*Exit Santa Claus.*]

Doctor Snufnuff (*going close to Trent and scanning him closely*).—Yes, it is the opiate. That careless wife must have changed the pipes. Well, it will have passed away by morning, and meanwhile, as I have learned the fairy's name, I will—

(*Enter Ona.*)

Ona (*sternly*).—So here thou art, thou worker of ill. What shall be done to thee?

Doctor Snufnuff (*falling on his knees*).—Spare me, good Fairy, spare me.

Ona (*to Trent*).—Awake now from this spell and receive thy punishment. [*Slowly waves her wand over*

Trent, who awakens very gradually. His going to sleep should be quicker, although at first he should make a slight effort to shake off the drowsy feeling. The falling asleep and awakening can be made a very effective part if well carried out. Not until he is fully awake does Ona continue her address to him.] Upon thyself, traitor, has the ill descended which thou didst mean for Santa's head.

Trent (*falling on his knees beside the Doctor*).—Sweet Fairy, O pardon, pardon.

Ona.—Nay; there is pardon for neither.

(*Enter Santa Claus.*)

Santa Claus.—What is all this?

Ona.—Good Santa, here kneel two schemers. Together they plotted against thee. A powerful drug was put into thy pipe, but the pipes were adroitly changed and the spell fell upon the chief plotter. I have but just awakened him, that the two schemers may receive their doom together. Thou [*turning to the Doctor*] art selfish and grasping, therefore for one year thou art deprived of books, instruments, pills, powders, and potions, and all thy skill and knowledge. [*The Doctor buries his face in his hands and moans.*] Thou [*turning to Trent*] art discontented and complaining, therefore for one year thy wife and child are removed from thee. [*Trent drops his chin upon his breast.*]

Santa Claus.—Stay thy hand, sweet Ona. Behold these trembling culprits. Temper thy scorn and indignation with pity. Forgive them and let them go.

Ona.—No, dear Santa Claus, these are lessons which they both must learn.

Trent.—Give me back my wife and child, and no murmur shall ever again pass my lips.

Doctor Snufnuff.—Restore my gifts and treasures, and I will devote my life to my fellow creatures.

Santa Claus.—Come, come, sweet Ona. Hast thou forgotten it is the glad Christmastide, the time for forgiveness and love? Reverse thy sentence that I may depart on my mission of peace and joy, leaving peace and joy behind me.

Ona.—Since it is thy wish, so be it. Rise. [*Touches each with her wand. These lines, which may be sung to any two-five hymn time, are now softly sung behind the scenes.*]

Let sweet forgiveness hold her happy sway,
For coming now is Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day,
From those we've wronged we'll sweet forgiveness ask,
And freely give it, too. O happy task!
No clouds of anger shall deface our joy,
Let love her wondrous power to-day employ;
Yes, everywhere let sweet forgiveness reign,
Nor make the Christ-child's coming all in vain.
Yes, let forgiveness hold her happy sway,
For coming now is Christmas Day, glad Christmas Day.

(*During the singing of these verses Ona waves her wand toward the right of the stage, when enter Mrs. Trent carrying the babe. Ona then waves her wand toward the left; enter Clip. The characters then arrange themselves about Santa Claus in the following manner:*

SANTA CLAUS,

TRENT, DOCTOR SNUFNUFF

MRS. TRENT, CLIP,

ONA.

[TABLEAU.]

[CURTAIN.]

MRS. CLARA J. DENTON.

THE HOLIDAY CONVENTION.

CHARACTERS.

Four girls to personify: 1, EASTER; 2, INDEPENDENCE DAY; 3, THANKSGIVING, and 4, CHRISTMAS.

COSTUMES.

EASTER should be dressed in white and decorated with white flowers in profusion. She should carry in her hand a bouquet or basket of flowers.

INDEPENDENCE DAY should be dressed as the Goddess of Liberty. Carry a small flag.

THANKSGIVING DAY should wear the garb of a Puritan maiden—a plain dress of gray or dove color, plain white apron, white book-muslin cap, and white kerchief plainly arranged and pinned over the breast. She may carry a basket of autumn fruits or a small sheaf of grain.

CHRISTMAS should wear a white dress, trimmed with holly or other green and a wreath of the holly or other green. She should carry a green bough gayly decorated, to represent a Christmas-tree.

All.—

FROM the four quarters of the year,
We holidays have gathered here,
In holiday convention.
Bright Easter-tide with blossoms rare,
Thanksgiving Day, with generous fare,
July the Fourth, to patriots dear,
And Christmas Day, so full of cheer,
Our titles thus we mention.
(*Each bows at the mention of her name.*)

Four representatives are we,
And each shall tell the story
Of her own being—why, each year
She claims her day of glory.
First, Easter-tide of spring-time birth,
Then summer's Fourth so gay,
Next, glad Thanksgiving—autumn's crown-
Then winter's Christmas Day.

Easter.—

With pale, pure flowers
From spring-time's bowers,
With swelling bud and sprouting leaf,
I promise give
That man shall live
Beyond this life of toil and grief.

On Easter Day
Death conquered lay,
And Christ, arisen from the dead,
Showed God's great plan
To doubting man,
Through death men should to life be led.

Independence Day.—

The birthday of freedom,
The glorious Fourth,
Claims, throughout the whole land,
East, West, South, and North,
The patriot's tribute
Of honor and praise;
Yes, we'll celebrate ever
This day of all days.
The bold stand for right,
And for a free land,
Which our forefathers made,
Was something so grand
That all the world wondered.
And when victory came
To crown their endeavors,
All the world praised their name.

Oh! we never can weary
Of shouting forth why
We revere this proud day,
The Fourth of July.

Thanksgiving.—

When harvest fields have yielded
Their grass and fruit and grain,
And all are safely gathered
And stored from wind and rain,
When all the stock is snugly housed
From winter winds severe,
Then it is meet to render thanks
For the blessings of the year.

Our Puritan forefathers
Set this good day apart;
And may our grateful praises flow
As freely from our heart
As ever theirs in olden time,
For we must all allow,
Howe'er much cause they had for thanks,
We surely have more now.

So, celebrate Thanksgiving
With feast and social glee,
And render praise to God who gave
All gifts with largess free.

Christmas.—

I celebrate
Event so great,
That all the world I hold.

Ring, Christmas bells,
Whose chiming tells
The wondrous story old.
A Saviour's birth,
To all the earth,
Brought hope, man's woe to lift.
This gift of love,
From God above,
Was His great Christmas gift.
Glory on high!
The angels cry,
Peace and good-will to men.
Let every tongue
Take up the song,
And sound it forth again.

All.—

We each, in this convention,
Have had to say our part;
And may each day we represent,
Be dear to every heart.
Our convention now is ended,
We have no more to say,
But, to our quarter of the year,
We each will take our way.

(Any graceful grouping of the four characters in a tableau, and a red light thrown upon the scene, will make a beautiful ending.)

E. C. & L. J. Rook.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE YEAR.

This piece may be made as simple as is wished by the omission of tableaux and songs.

When used for any but a New Year's festival, the first two poems may be omitted.

The months of each season should follow each other in quick succession, so that the stage may not be empty. At the close of each season should be a tableau of the months of that season and their attendants, presenting offerings to Time and the Old Year.

Beginning with January, the arrangment would be thus: January, February (Tableau); March, April, May (Tableau); June, July, August (Tableau); September, October, November (Tableau); December (Tableau of all the months and their attendants grouped about Time and the Old Year).

When an elaborate entertainment is desired the costumes may be made very beautiful.

Let the winter months, December, January, and February, dress in dark garments covered with tufts of cotton to represent snow.

Each month of the year should have a little child as attendant, to bear offerings. December's attendant should be dressed as a tiny Santa Claus.

January's attendant may carry bands of cotton wool to represent snow, and a pile of snow balls made of cotton. He should also carry skates and snowshoes, and drag a sled after him.

February's attendant may be dressed as a little Cupid, with wings and bow and arrow, and he should be hung all over with valentines made from fancy papers.

The spring months should wear pale green garments, if possible, and April and May should be decorated with small flowers.

The attendants of March and April may carry hoops, kites, tops, marbles, and all games used in the season.

May's attendant should be laden down with boughs of green and flowers.

The summer months and attendants should all wear white, and their garments should be covered with flowers.

June's attendant should have an arm full of roses, and July's and August's should have flowers in season.

Grains also make beautiful decorations and offerings.

The autumn months should be dressed in warm colors.

October's costume should be covered with red and yellow leaves cut from canton flannel and sewed on, and a strip of black tarlatan or lace, decorated in the same way, makes a beautiful offering in the tableaux.

The attendants of the autumn months should carry all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Corn is especially beautiful. October's attendant may be dressed in yellow, and carry a pumpkin as big as he can lift.

November may wear gray, and the attendant be dressed as a little Jack Frost. In these days of paper flowers, beautiful decorations may be made at all seasons, and garlands for the summer months to offer Time and the Old Year in the tableaux.

These suggestions may be altered and improved upon at will, as they are but hints.

Let Time appear seated, when the curtain rises, on a seat considerably higher than the rest of the stage, and during the entertainment let the Old Year sit by his side. Both should be dressed as old men, Time bearing the hour-glass and scythe.

Father Time.—

MAN'S life is fleet, his years are few,
And strange the power that binds and leads,
But through life's sunshine and its dew,
Through blooming rose and noxious weed,
Through valley dark, o'er barren plain
The Mount of God all may attain.

Each year that passes is a stone
Set on the journey men must go.
Come, let us see the way you've gone,
What joys and lights one year can show;
What wealth is yours to bear away,
What memories sweet and bright and gay.

Come, Old Year, wave your wand again,
And summon from your fading days
The beauties that you gave, e'er vain
Shall be your power their smiles to raise;
I pause not; swift the passing hour—
Your death approaches; show your power.

(*The Old Year enters slowly, and while speaking seats himself beside Father Time.*)

The Old Year.—

One year of time! a little span indeed,
But many beauties have I given earth;
And now my step is slow, you love me not
But wait with joy, with ecstacy and mirth,
The New Year born to-night.

'Tis ever so, the old makes room for new!
But e'er I go, lest you forget my name,
I show you all the beauties that were mine,
I gave with joy, to rich and poor the same,
My bounty and delight.

Far down the past I now must turn away,
But you shall bless me for the joy I gave;
Your lives are richer by a year of time,
I shall not lie forgotten in my grave,
Though I must die to-night.

Come, past, yield up some hint of what was mine!
Show blooming flowers, and wealth of tree and vine!

(*As the Old Year waves his wand slowly, January and Attendant enter.*)

January.—

I am the year's first, merry child,
My coming heralds in his reign—
The joy-bells ring the welcome song
O'er snow-bound hill and shining plain.

The month of hope; when hearts grow glad
With promise for the coming day;
There is no room for sorrow's frown,
And all the past is laid away.

The children love me for my snows,
The icy ponds, the frozen streams,
And monarch of the winter months,
My crystal palace shines and gleams.

For me the shouts of wildest glee
From ice-locked pond and coasting-hills,
For me the glowing cheeks of youth,
The dancing eyes, the restless will.

Forever, as the years come round,
A merry welcome waits for me;
The stepping-stone into the new—
The month of childhood's sport and glee.

[*Exit January.*

(*As January and Attendant pass off the stage, let February and Attendant enter, so that the stage will not be empty at any moment, and one month will follow another without pause.*)

February.—

I bind the snows about my brow,
And icy winds my heralds be,
But in my heart are whisperings
Of western breeze and budding tree.

For me the wild birds choose their mates,
And loving thoughts and hopes are mine,
For in my bosom still I bear
The days of sweet St. Valentine,

When human hearts like birds may feel
The promise of the budding spring,
And wake to thoughts of love and light,
And all the gladness it shall bring.

The shortest month of all the year,
My hurrying feet not long may stay,
But love and friendship that I bring
Time hath no power to steal away.

[*Exit February*

(*Here may be a tableau of January and February, with their Attendants, offering tributes to Time and the Old Year. While the tableau is being arranged a carol may be sung appropriate to the coming of spring.*)

March.—

Boisterous and blustering I come—
And yet for me the robins sing,
The blue-bird plumes his azure wing,
And swallows from the south fly home.

Katkins their yellow banners show,
And by the streams and brooks appear
The downy pussy-willows, dear
To young and old, to high and low.

Men dread me for my chilling breath,
Forgetting that I hold the key
To April flowers, and mystery
Of budding trees, and life from death.

Oh! join your voice with mine, and sing
The carol of the better day.
The winter now is passed away,
To greet you comes the laughing spring.

[*Exit March*

April.—

'Neath my feet the violets blossom,
Crocus blooms, and snow-drops shine,
All the sweets of shy arbutus,
And the blood-root's flowers, are mine.

By the streams, now flowing gayly,
Shines the cowslips' cups of gold,
And on hill and plain are gleaming
Dandelions manifold.

Smiles and tears are mine, and singing
Of the early nesting birds,
All men love me for my beauty,
Greeting me with loving words.

But I cannot stay among you,
All too soon I must away.
Hark! already from to-morrow
Sound the dancing feet of May.

[*Exit April.*

May.—

At my bidding, flowers and trees
Burst into a wealth of bloom,
All is beauty and perfume,
Song of birds and early bees.

Lilac flowers, plumed and sweet,
Apple blooms, like drifted snows,
And the first shy, tender rose,
Cast their petals at my feet.

Heralded by glad birds' tune,
In my path the flowers shine.

Untold wealth I count as mine,
And my going bringeth June.

Sweetest month of sweetest spring,
Full of sunshine and of flowers,
Promises of golden hours,
That the summer months shall bring.

And when I am far away,
And rare June is in my place,
Think that all her light and grace
Had not been but for sweet May.

[*Exit May.*

(*Tableau of March, April, May, and their Attendants offering their tributes to Time and the Old Year. While being prepared, a carol may be sung appropriate to the departure of spring and the coming of summer.*)

June.—

I'm June, sweet June, my garments fringed with light,
My roses beauteous, my knee-deep grass,
O'er which the shadows of the white clouds pass,
My clover fields, my daisies pure and white,
Men love them all, and loving them love me.
I am the queen of summer, of the year,
In me the purposes of life appear,
In June it is enough to live, to be;
Then God seems nearer to the hearts of those
Who love Him, speaking words of hope and grace.
Men read them shining on fair nature's face,
And own the purpose of the frost and snows.
Whoever listens to my gay birds' tune
Is glad to live and breathe and have it June.

[*Exit June.*

July.—

Knee-deep grass is turned into mowing,
Poppies shine where the rose was blowing,
Summer is lavish of sun.

Butterflies flit and the bees hum gladly,
Under the foot droop the flowers sadly,
Summer will soon be done.

[*Exit July.*

August.—

August, the month of sultry heat,
When summer struggles to maintain
The beauties of her fading reign;
Her singing birds and flowers sweet
Fade backward to the past again.

Here gleams bright golden-rod to show
The coming of the autumn's hour,
And the pale aster's starry flower
Their glint on hill and roadside throw,
Fair heralds of the autumn's power.

Hearts sorrowing for the waning year,
Remember, summer comes again,
With flowers and music in her train;
Though now her beauties disappear,
It shall not prove that beauty vain.

Each flower that blossomed bore a seed.
Fair fruits shall be where flowers have been.
Each golden day that we have seen
Shall live to bless our winter's need,
And memory keep the summer green.

[*Exit August.*

(*Tableau of June, July, and August, and their Attendants, giving offerings to Time and the Old Year. While the tableau is being prepared there may be sung a carol appropriate to the approach of autumn and the harvest time.*)

September.—

The daisies nod a long farewell
From wooded hill and grassy plain,
And one by one their eyelids close,
Till gentle summer comes again.

The vanished light of summer time
Shines forth once more in autumn's glow;
The echoes from those merrier days
Sound in the autumn winds that blow.

The golden-rod from hill and shore
Spreads out the yellow banner gay,
Proclaiming to the world that Fall
Has triumphed o'er the summer day.

The red and purple cardinal flowers
Light up the meadows with their glow,
And argeratum, fair and white,
Fringes the dusty roads with snow.

O rare September! thou dost seem
The summer's smile on autumn's face;
The loveliness that once was hers
Now clothes these short, warm days with grace.

'Tis thus God gives the wealth of years,
The summer's grace, the autumn's glow,

And never can all beauty fade,
Though cold and dreary lies the snow.
[*Exit September.*

October.—

The sweets of the earth are mine,
Fruits of the tree and vine,
Hail to October!

Month of the golden days,
Month of the purple haze,
Hail to October!

On hills the watchfires burn,
Vale and plain the sign return,
Hail to October!

Then as the sunset's glow
Fades into night, I go.
Farewell, October!

Dying, as dies a bold
King 'mid his pomp and gold,
Farewell, October!

Bearing the light away,
Leaving all sad and gray,
Farewell, October!
[*Exit October.*

November.—

One moment in her southern flight
The summer turns her tender eyes,
And looks upon us from the gloom
And grayness of November skies.

Sweet, dreamy time! an echo thou
Of beauties that have blessed us long,
And in its brevity and grace
More sweet the echo than the song.

O Indian summer! rarest days!
A sense of peace our spirits know;
Content we'll wait the blessed spring,
Through winter's reign of ice and snow.

[*Exit November.*

December.—

Sing gayly, if you will, of summer flowers,
And sigh because June cannot always stay;
There is no time 'mid all the year's bright hours
More welcome to the heart than Xmas Day.

My face may not be beautiful to see,
And round my feet forever cling the snows,
But warm my heart is, and my smile is sweet,
And on my brow behold the Xmas rose.

How meet it is that when the earth is sad,
And nature wraps the land in funeral pall,
Should come this time of merriment and glee,
The happiest and the brightest day of all.

God bless thee, Year! thy hands are weak to hold,
The hours slip from thee and thy death is near,
But to the last what beauties bless the earth,
What hours of mirth, what laughter and what cheer.

'Tis ever so; God has some joy to yield,
Some beauty from among His priceless store,

And springs may come and summers bloom and fade,
From day to day He gives us more and more.

[*Exit December.*

(*Here there should be a tableau of all the Months and their Attendants offering their tributes to Time and the Old Year. While it is being prepared a carol may be sung appropriate to Christmas.*)

EDITH L. WILLIS LINN.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

THERE was no day in all the year that Mr. Barnard loved so well as Christmas. For three-score years he had been keeping the joyful feast that commemorates the dawn of "peace on earth, good-will to men," the charity of which his daily life was the faithful exponent; and the special deeds of kindness that he performed at this season made it a joyful one for many to whom, otherwise, it would have been a time of bitter deprivation and want. Many a tiny stocking would have gone empty had not his kind heart suggested to him the wishes of the little ones, and his ample purse generously granted them; and many a Christmas would have been passed in shivering sadness over the dying embers on the hearth, had not his thoughtfulness provided the roaring fire that sparkled and glowed in the grate. What he did, further than this, to show his good-will toward men, the savory dinners that smoked on tables where only dry bread was usually served, and the bundles of warm flannel that kept the recipients warmly clothed for the remainder of the winter, bore ample testimony.

So constantly did he continue his good deeds, never relaxing his watchfulness over the poor and needy around him, even when failing strength required him to delegate the active duties of charity to others, that no one except his physician, who visited him daily, and his faithful old housekeeper, realized how soon the time would come when his life work would be finished.

Early in December the doctor had said to good old Gretchen.

"He is failing steadily. I fear he will not spend this Christmas with us."

And so, indeed, it seemed to every one who entered the room, whose threshold he crossed no more, and saw the thin, white face, already touched with the beautiful light beaming on it from the shining shore, lying so still upon the pillows.

But the days went slowly by, and as Christmas drew near he seemed to rouse himself from the dreamy silence in which, of late, he had been wrapped, and rallying his former manner of cheerful interest in outward things, he began to talk to Gretchen about their preparations for the coming festival.

"It's overmuch for you to think about, sir, when you're so weak and failing," protested Gretchen, with tears in her eyes, as she listened to the faint, cheerful voice that remembered each poor person by name.

"Oh! no, the time has not yet come for me to fold my hands in idle luxury. 'Faithful to the end' does not mean dropping the burden when it seems a little hard to bear."

"But the poor are so ungrateful, sir. You've done for them so many years that they begin to think it's no more than your duty and their right. Did one of them ever thank you for your goodness?"

"In their hearts, Gretchen, I doubt not they have thanked me as sincerely as I could desire. And, even if they have not, I have a far richer reward than their gratitude in the assurance, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' It may be my last opportunity to perform this work of love; do not seek to dissuade me from the duty."

Gretchen said no more, but applied herself diligently to carrying out the wishes of her master. There were many steps to take, many things to remember, and two whole days were spent in errands hither and thither, that no one might be overlooked.

Mr. Barnard, upheld by the temporary strength that the excitement of planning and ordering had given him, maintained his cheerful interest in the work to the end; but when all was done, and the shadows of Christmas Eve gathered around him, he sank gradually into a peaceful sleep, which was but the prelude to that eternal rest for which his weary heart had so often longed.

In a miserable frame dwelling not far from his home two little children were huddled together over the morsel of fire in the stove, trying to keep warm until their mother, who had been working all day for one of her wealthy patrons, should return and give them their supper.

"It's Christmas Eve, Geordie," said the older one, with trembling joy and excitement in her voice, as the shadows fell deeper and darker around them. "Do you remember what we found in our stockings last Christmas morning?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Geordie, his baby face lighting up with pleasure at the recollection. "Mine had candy and nuts in it, and I had a new cap and mittens besides,

and lots of warm things that mamma made me out of the pretty stuff that Santa Claus brought us. Isn't he good, Jennie?"

"There isn't any Santa Claus, Geordie," said Jennie, who had long since learned that fairy godmothers and beneficent spirits generally were a myth, and that even good Saint Nicholas could not perform his acts of kindness to his little ones except through the intervention of parents or friends. "It was Mr. Barnard who sent us all those lovely things; and he is just as good as he can be. Don't you love him for it, Geordie?"

"Yes," said Geordie, with his musing eyes fixed upon the tiny speck of red fire in the grate.

"So do I," continued Jennie, swaying to and fro, with her elbows resting on her knees and her chin propped up on both little hands. "I wish we could do something to show how much we love him."

"When I'm a big man," began Geordie, dreamily, without taking his great, shining eyes from the bit of red fire that held his fascinated gaze, "I'm going to build a great, big, beautiful house, and let Mr. Barnard live in it. And I'll get him lots of candy and nuts and red flannel, and I'll take him out riding every day. I guess he'll think then that I love him!"

"That will be nice, Geordie," said Jennie who never discouraged these day-dreams, even though she, wise little woman of seven, had outgrown them, "but I mean something that we could do now. I haven't anything that I could give him for a Christmas present."

"He may have my tin horse," said Geordie, in a spontaneous outburst of generosity, which faltered the next instant into a hesitating—"after I have had it a little longer."

"Oh! I know what I can give him now!" cried Jennie, in joyful tones. "If my beautiful white rose-bud blooms to-night, he shall have it in the morning. I guess, if I tell him it was the only thing I had to give him, he will think it is good enough, don't you, Geordie?"

But hunger and cold had overcome Geordie, and he had fallen asleep with his curly head dropping down on Jennie's lap, and so the mother found them a few moments later when she came home, hungry and tired, but in cheerful possession of her day's hard-earned wages.

When the lamp had been lighted, and the few remaining coals put on the grate, and mother had made a cup of tea and put the bread and potatoes on the table, Jennie wakened her little brother, and they sat down to their supper as merrily as though it had been a feast.

In the midst of it all there came a knock at the door, and the mother, answering it, stood for a long time talking to Gretchen in low tones and with sorrowful words that the children could not understand.

Neither did they know why it was that all through the evening, even after a generous load of coal had been put into the cellar, and bundle after bundle of good things had been brought into the kitchen, their mother was so silent and sad, and tears so often came into her eyes. But Georgie, having hung his little stocking on the kitchen chimney, went merrily to bed to dream of the glad surprises of Christmas morning, and Jennie, after taking a loving look at her rose, whose pretty petals were beginning to unfold, soon followed him to Dreamland.

She was awake the next morning at early dawn, and her first thought was of her gift to Mr. Barnard. Out of bed and dressed in a twinkling, she ran at once to the rosebush, which she had placed on a chair near the kitchen-stove that the warmth might hasten the unfolding of the bud.

She gave a little cry of delight as she saw, lifting its head above a slender stem, amid a delicate surrounding of pale green leaves, a full-blown rose, white as snow, and bearing in its perfect petals a fragrance so spicy and delicate that it filled the whole room with its subtle presence.

Carefully clipping the precious rose from the bush, Jennie wrapped herself in shawl and hood and went flying over the snowy road that led to her kind friend's home. She was quite breathless and trembling with excitement when she reached the house and mounted the long flight of steps to the door.

Gretchen answered the timid ring of the bell, and great was her surprise to see the poor, shivering child who stood there, with a beautiful white rose in her hand.

"Please," said Jennie, falteringly, "may I see Mr. Barnard for a moment?"

Gretchen shook her head sadly, and the tears of disappointment came into Jennie's eyes as she pleaded.

"He has been so good to us that I wanted to let him know how much we love him, and I hadn't anything in the world to bring him except this rose. Please let me carry it to him my ownself, and ask him to take it?"

Gretchen was touched by this simple expression of gratitude and affection, and tears were in her eyes as she answered softly:

"You may bring your rose in, child, but you must not speak a word."

In trembling silence Jennie stole through the hall after Gretchen, up the soft-carpeted stairs, and into the room, whose solemn stillness spoke of the heavenly peace to which he had been called whose life had been spent in making others happy.

Looking with reverent affection upon the calm, white face on the pillow, and holding her breath lest she should disturb the loved sleeper, Jennie laid her little offering beside him, and then crept softly away, thinking of his surprise when he awakened and found the rose.

"And you will tell him why I brought it, will you not, please?" she whispered to Gretchen.

"I think perhaps he knows all about it," was Gretchen's answer, as she took up the rose and reverently placed it in the waxen fingers. And he who had worn through so many years "the white flower of a blameless life," now held its spotless emblem in his hand.

SUE S. MORTON.

FOR CHRISTMAS' SAKE.

A CHAT, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

GRANDMOTHER. MARIE.

SCENE.—Drawing-room; centre, back, a very large frame holding a mirror that can be slid back, or else a gray glazed curtain in simulation of a mirror. Grandmother and Marie seated, front, at opposite sides of mirror.

Grandmother (*knitting*).—So it all ends like a Christmas tale—they forgave and they forgot, for Christmas sake, and the spirit of the time showed them a restful future.

Marie (*embroidering a smoking-cap*).—The Spirit of Christmas time showed us a restful future.

Grandmother.—Ah! yes; I forgot that it was you and Richard who were heroine and hero of a quarrel that is amicably adjusted. Now, when I was your age, people were rarely so foolish as to have lovers' quarrels.

Marie.—Good gracious! then you lived before the world became civilized, didn't you, grandma, dear?

Grandmother.—Don't be profane, Marie, and don't call your grandmother a prehistoric relic. But I am sure that in my day people were not so silly as they now are. Why, the silliness of the present age begins with the children, and does not leave off with the men and women of three-score-years-and-ten.

Marie.—The men and women of three-score-years-and-ten belong to your generation, and not mine, grandma.

Grandmother (*knitting vigorously*).—As much as to say that I am silly! Let me tell you, that in my day, a young woman would have scorned herself if she had called her grandmother a prehistoric relic and silly.

Marie.—Which would have been her duty, grandma.

Grandmother.—In my day children respected their parents, let alone their grandparents—especially at Christmas time. I distinctly remember, when I was about five or six, and Christmas was near at hand, how my mother dressed me up to receive the holiday company, how careful I was and sweet-tempered, even though a boy among the company wanted to take my

sprig of Christmas green from me. As though the reflection were in the mirror back of us [*pointing*], I see my dear little, clean, peaceable self as I then was! [*Curtain in frame rises, or draws, and shows a little girl of five or six, in old-fashioned white frock rumpled and liberally patched with dirt; her hair is tousled and in her eyes, her sleeves torn. She holds in one hand a sprig of Christmas green, making a fist with the other hand and shaking it at a boy of about her age, who returns the compliment. Curtain.*] Yes, children were very childish in my days.

Marie.—While I, in my fifth or sixth year, was a bother, I presume.

Grandmother.—Well, you quarrel with Richard now; you may have been a little vixenish in your early childhood. [*Curtain rises. Tableau, a modern child holding her doll, neat and peaceful. Curtain.*] Yes, I fear you have not my temper.

Marie.—And then as you grew older?

Grandmother.—I was always fond of my book. At Christmas-time I used to say, "Books, books." Indeed, the doctors feared for my health, I was so constantly engrossed in reading-matter. [*Curtain rises. A girl of twelve, old-fashioned dress, is tearing a book to pieces and whistling aloud. Curtain.*] I always had a book in my hands.

Marie.—I wonder how I deported myself at about that age?

Grandmother.—Oh! dear [*shrugging her shoulders*]. Perhaps you remember how you used to squeeze your doll, to get at the sawdust? But then we had better not speak of yourself, the subject may be painful. People are so sensitive in this generation.

Marie.—I don't remember so clearly as you, dear grandma.

Grandmother.—Nobody has any memory in these days. They are only quarrelsome.

Marie.—I suppose that at sixteen you were still a model?

Grandmother.—I never posed as a model. Though at an early age I knitted stockings like these I am getting ready for your grandfather's Christmas present, I never made useless smoking-caps like that you are embroidering for Richard.

Marie.—Well, my own sixteenth year is not so far off but I can remember that, at least.

Grandmother (shaking her head).—I don't know. I remember it, though.

Marie.—What do you remember about it?

Grandmother.—Wasn't it in your sixteenth year that you came to me and positively told me that you hated knitting, and that home-made stockings hurt your toes? Oh! the toes of this generation.

Marie.—But I think I liked to sew and bake, didn't I?

Grandmother.—Bake! When you had flour around you you were a sight to behold. That year you made the Christmas pies which your grandfather recommended a crow-bar to open. [*Curtain rises. A young girl in neat cap and apron, sleeves rolled up, holding aloft a Christmas-pie, with a sprig of green in it.*] Ah! girls of the present age are not neat, and seldom good housekeepers.

Marie.—Dear me! I seem to have done everything badly.

Grandmother.—I don't say that, my dear. But we

should see ourselves as others see us. We are apt to be partial to our weaknesses. That is, this generation is. As for my own—

Marie (*clapping her hands*).—At any rate, there is one thing you did.

Grandmother.—How dare you accuse me of flirting? [*Settling herself in her chair.*]

Marie (*astonished*).—Why, I never uttered the word.

Grandmother.—No, but I saw it in your eye. Oh! I know this generation. Let me tell you, Miss, that at eighteen I was considered a comely young woman. But I put all nonsense away from me, and endeavored to cultivate the graces of the mind. A man, now, was my bug-bear. There was Johnny Small, a likely young farmer; though I never quarreled with him as you quarreled with Richard, yet every time he came near me I let him see that I despised him, and turned my back on him. [*Curtain rises. Quaintly and coquettishly dressed girl. Old-fashioned farmer-lad, in smock frock. He is looking sheepishly at her, she smiling in his face. Curtain.*] As for giving him any encouragement—Oh! dear.

Marie.—While I—

Grandmother.—Never mind you, child. I am proving to you my innocence of the charge of being a prehistoric relic, a dunce, and a flirt The idea of a granddaughter calling her own grandmother a flirt! Why, there was Captain Stead, a dashing military man, who vowed he'd die if I refused him. But I frowned on him and turned my back on him also. [*Curtain rises. The coquettish girl is smilingly accepting flowers from a military man. Curtain.*] Yes, indeed; he vowed he'd die for me.

Marie.—Did he die?

Grandmother.—Of course, he didn't. Would you call your grandmother a murderess? What is this generation coming to? And then—then as in a haze—is Edward Jonas, the great lawyer; and the poet, who became a missionary and was broiled for tea in the Sandwich Islands; and George Gray, the exquisite; and Geoffry White and Robert May [*rising excitedly and throwing down her knitting. Soft music, which gradually grows louder—"Auld Lang Syne"*], and then, coming out of the mistiness and the haze like the Star of the Time—for it was Christmas-time—there arises before me your grandfather. [*Curtain rises. A young man in an old-style dress is kneeling before the coquettish girl, who with lowered head gives him both her hands. Music. Curtain. The grandmother in front presses a handkerchief to her eyes.*]

Marie.—Dear grandma, how vividly the old times come back to you.

Grandmother (*reseating herself and resuming her knitting*).—They do, they do.

Marie.—And I—

Grandmother.—Yes; you called me a prehistoric relic, a dunce, a flirt, and a murderess.

Marie.—Oh! never.

Grandmother.—I understand this generation—"Actions speak louder than words." Let me tell you that you awake in me a great string of reminiscences. You even make me see that other and dismal Christmas when the war had come, and my boy, your father now, said good-bye to me. [*Curtain rises. A young soldier taking leave of his mother. Curtain.*] And then in the haze is my son bringing his young wife home, and

then I am a grandmother and you a sweet little toddler.

Marie.—Oh! I thought I was such a bother?

Grandmother.—Not always; I shouldn't have cared for you in that case. No; I see myself teaching you the first elements of womanly gentleness. [*Curtain rises. An elderly woman is teaching a little girl to make a fist. Curtain.*] I used to see myself in you. And then—

Marie.—Then you spoiled me.

Grandmother.—I spoil you, indeed! What next atrocity will this generation accuse its grandmothers of! Spoiled you, did I?

Marie.—Ah! yes; a month ago did I not come to you and tell you that I had quarreled with Richard, and that it was all ended—our long trust and affection? And did you not say—

Grandmother.—Did I not go to him and say: "Richard, there is a dear old fellow in the world who was once young like you. I loved him when he was young. He is old now, and I love him just as dearly. And, oh! I trust that my granddaughter may say as much for you when you are old, for she says a part of it now. For dearer to me is my old husband than all the world besides." [*Curtain rises. An old man with peaceful face, leaning both hands on his cane. Music, "Auld Lang Syne." Curtain.*]

Marie (*throwing down her sewing, goes to her grandmother and embraces her*).—I know all that you did, grandma, and we shall never quarrel again. The Christmas spirit is in us—

Grandmother (*rising*).—As it is in all of us. I am young once more, with the memories of olden time;

and it is a dreary sarcasm on life when those olden times show us more of hate than love. And [*taking Marie's hand and leading her backward to the mirror, where they stand a little apart, facing the audience—soft music, "Auld Lang Syne."*]—and, child, when holy love throws its halo around our lives, be sure our faces are the reflections of our souls, and for dear Christmas' sake—Christmas that calls for peace and good-will upon earth—the spirit of forgiveness and tender understanding of the hearts of others should abide with us forever.

(*Music, "Auld Lang Syne," which may be a chorus behind the scenes. Curtain in frame rises, Christmas greens and colored lights there. From side of stage comes the grandfather, who places his arm about the grandmother, while she rests her head upon his shoulder. From the opposite side of stage a fashionably dressed young man comes and falls on his knees in front of Marie, who gives him her hand. Colored lights. Loud music of the old song.*)

[CURTAIN.]

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

ST. VALENTINE'S REVENGE.

A PARLOR DRAMA IN ONE SCENE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

VALENTINE,
FOUR MESSENGERS,
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.
MAIDEN.
CUPID IN DISGUISE.

COSTUMES.

VALENTINE.—A long, white robe. The effect will be heightened by ornamenting the robe (which may be a sheet gracefully disposed) with rings, hearts, arrows, cupids, birds, orange blossoms, or other sugges-

tive forms, cut from gilt paper. A crown to match the robe should adorn his head. A small square satchel of red cloth ornamented like the robe should be swung across his breast by a heavy cord. In his left hand he must carry a bunch of small arrows.

MESSENGERS.—These should be little girls, their dresses any light, airy style, but alike in every particular.

CUPID IN DISGUISE.—A long wrap of sober hue, head and face closely covered. This character should be personated by a boy, and, at the time of unveiling only the head and shoulders must be revealed. The shoulders must be dressed in white. A wig of short, blonde curls would add to the effect.

MAIDENS.—Ordinary dress.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—White dress, thickly dotted with red paper hearts. Gilt crown covered with same.

(*Curtain rises and shows St. Valentine with the four Messengers kneeling before him.*)

Valentine (*taking from the pouch on his breast several white envelopes, and handing some of these, with a few arrows, to each Messenger*).—

Take these missives white,
Rapid be your flight,
And send an arrow swiftly flying
Where'er you leave a missive lying.

Messengers (*rising*).—

To do thy bidding, Valentine,
Away, away we glide.
All the blame and praise be thine,
Whether joy or woe betide.

Valentine (*waving his hand*).—

Away, away;
Behold how speeds the day;
Soon will come the gloaming gray,
And ended be my merry play.

(*Messengers go out in single file, running lightly.*)

Valentine (*coming forward*).—

In all the changing year only one day is mine,
Only one flitting day for St. Valentine,
But from morning dawn till the set of sun,
Every moment finds some swift mischief done.
Messengers are flying,
Into secrets prying,
Bringing me the news,
Thus, aright I choose.
Youthful hearts my playthings are,
And sweet words I send afar.
Therefore eyes more softly shine
When draws near St. Valentine.
But yonder comes, at eager pace,
The Queen of Hearts, with frowning face.
Ah! it bodes me ill, I fear.
That she draws in anger near.

(*Enter Queen of Hearts, and, going up to St. Valentine, speaks sternly.*)

Valentine, Valentine,
What is it you've been doing?
All my subjects, everywhere,
You have set a-wooing.
Many a heart lies broken in two,
And all the ill is traced, O meddling saint, to you.

Valentine.—

O beauteous Queen, thy wrath restrain,
And bear in mind how short my reign.

Queen of Hearts.—

Short your reign, 'tis true,
But lasting is the work you do,
And now I mean to punish you

Valentine.—

Stay, for lo! there draws a maiden near.
We will retreat and all her grave reflections hear.

(*They retreat to the further side of the room. Maiden enters, carrying in her hand an open valentine.*)

Maiden (*reading*).—

Dark and gloomy are my skies
When thy smile I cannot see,
Oh! then, from thy radiant eyes
Send a sign of love to me.

What nonsense! This is the sixth valentine I have received to-day, and every one of them jabbers about love. Why is it that they do not refer to friendship—sweet, beautiful friendship, a thousand times more enchanting than love? Love, with his arrows that smite and wound. He is false and treacherous, I know. There (*throws down the valentine*), I will leave that where, perchance, some love-lorn youth may find it and send it to his darling. [*Exit Maiden.*]

Valentine (*coming forward and taking up the paper*).—

Thus she throws my favors down,
Heedless of my smile or frown.
To make this maid my power know
Will be revenge for this harsh blow.
A missive now from Valentine,
Bearing only friendship's line
Shall this Maiden's straightway be,
And thou, O Queen, pray quickly flee,
And the naughty Cupid seek.
In Friendship's garb of sombre gray
Quickly now his form array,
Here bid him come with aspect meek.

Queen of Hearts.—

Aha! I see your cunning plan,
St. Valentine revenged would be.
I will aid you all I can,
For she long hath baffled me.

[*Exit Queen of Hearts on the right.*

(*Enter Maiden on the left.*)

Valentine (*advancing and bowing low, extends a white envelope, which he has taken from his satchel*).—

Grant, O maiden fair indeed
This simple valentine to read.

Maiden (*turning away scornfully*).—No; I am sick of valentines. I would not accept one even from St. Valentine himself.

Valentine (*aside*).—Oh! think of that. [*To Maiden:*]

But in the name of good St. Valentine
I ask, why do you not to valentines incline?

Maiden.—They chatter of love too much. I'm tired of hearing about it.

Valentine.—

But this is on a better theme,
No tales are told of "love's young dream"—
No idle rhymes of wedding bells,
On friendship's joys alone it dwells.

Maiden (*taking the missive eagerly*).—Ah! that will please me. [*Reads:*]

Neither the earth nor the ocean deep
Within their caverns safely keep
A treasure as wonderful and rare
As this I offer, O maiden fair.
Not love, with its wild inconstancy,
But friendship true I offer thee.

Ah! how beautiful. But who are you who offer this gift to me? [*Looking at him keenly.*]

Valentine.—

I am the friend of youthful hearts,
And as each hurrying hour departs
Round them my bright favors shine.
This is my name—St. Valentine.

Maiden.—Can it be?

Valentine.—

It is, indeed, and I would bless
Thy choice. Sweet happiness
Ever waits when friendship's near—
Behold the one who enters here.

(*Enter Cupid in disguise.*)

Maiden (*clasping her hands eagerly*).—Oh! can it be Friendship at last?

Valentine (*to Cupid*).—

The Maiden knows thee and would be
Pledged for evermore to thee.

(*Joins their hands.*)

Ever constant be your hearts
Till the light of life departs.

Maiden.—Sweet Friendship, I am thy willing captive.

Cupid.—And mayest thou never regret thy captivity. See, my chain is a flowery one. [*Throws a long wreath of flowers about her neck, and passes his arm through it. Queen of Hearts now enters cautiously and stands some distance behind the others.*] Thou art now mine indeed.

Maiden.—If I could only see thy face, sweet Friendship.

Cupid.—Be not impatient. Thy confidence in taking me thus unseen shall not pass unrewarded.

Queen of Hearts (*aside*).—How well he plays it. Ah! a sad rogue is our Cupid.

Valentine.—

O maiden, now withdraw thy hate,
And never more St. Valentine berate.

Maiden.—Dear St. Valentine, thou hast proved my best friend. How must I show my gratitude?

Valentine.—

Promise that this flowery chain
Thou wilt never break in twain.

Maiden.—A pledge gladly given and easily kept. Never—never will I turn from the one whom I have so long and eagerly sought.

(*Cupid drops the disguise as previously described.*)

Maiden.—Why—why, 'tis Love himself. [*Throws up one hand and stands transfixed.*]

(*Valentine and Queen of Hearts together, smiling and pointing at her*).—

Thou art not the first maid
Who has sought Friendship's grace,
And met at the last
Love's sweet, pleading face.*

[TABLEAU.]

[CURTAIN.]

CLARA J. DENTON.

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* Tom Moore in his poem, "A Temple to Friendship," says:

* * * * * "You're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

OUR HOLIDAYS.

For two boys and two girls, with a chorus of several good singers on the back part of the stage.

First Boy (*holding a banner bearing the portrait of Washington, and adorned with laurel*).—I am the Twenty-second of February. Although I come in the shortest month of all the year, I am dear to the people of America because I am Washington's Birthday. George Washington was born at Mt. Vernon, Virginia, in 1732. He was a brave and truthful boy, and so it is not strange that he became a great and good man. Because he was the leader of our armies in the war which made us a nation he is called the father of his country. He was the first President of the United States, and he will always be first in the hearts of the American people.

Four Children in concert.—

Such was the noble Washington;
We ne'er shall see his like again;
He was first in war, first in peace,
And first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Chorus.—(*One stanza of "Hail Columbia," or some other patriotic song.*)

Second Boy (*bearing a flag and a drum*).—I am the biggest of all the birthdays, for on the Fourth of July, 1776, our glorious nation was born. When the wise men who met in the old State House in Philadelphia declared that our country should no longer be ruled by the King of England, but should be free and independent, the old bellman rang the bell in the steeple louder and longer than it had ever rung before, and proclaimed liberty throughout the land to all the

inhabitants thereof." And now, every Fourth of July we hang out all the flags, and build bonfires and ring bells and fire cannon, and make the biggest kind of a noise. Hurrah for the Fourth of July!

All four in concert.—

That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "Independence!"
Which, please God, shall never die.

Chorus ("*America*").—

Our Father, God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

First Girl (*bearing a basket decorated with wheat and oats, and filled with corn and fruits*).—I am the peaceful Thanksgiving Day. When the harvests all are over, and we have laid in a goodly store for the winter, then the children and grandchilden gather together at the old homestead, to eat roast turkey and pumpkin pies, to have a good time together, and to thank God for all His blessings. Thanksgiving is a national holiday now, but the day was first celebrated in New England by the Pilgrim Fathers, who gave thanks to God that they

had at last found a place where they could worship Him as they thought right.

All four in concert.—

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

Chorus (*Air, Dix. A portion of any other Thanksgiving hymn may be substituted for this*).—

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

Second Girl (*wearing a wreath of holly*).—There is no need for me to tell you who I am; as soon as you see my wreath of holly, with its green leaves and red berries, you know that I am the beautiful Christmas Day. The other three holidays that you have heard about are celebrated only in America, but Christmas is kept all over the world, for on Christmas Day, Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was born in Bethlehem, and the angels of God sang "Peace on earth, good-will to men." So on Christmas Day we all try to be loving and good, and to make one another happy. When we learn to do this always, then we will keep Christmas all the year round.

All four in concert.—

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from man to man
Begin, and never cease!

Chorus (any other Christmas carol may be substituted).—

God rest ye, all good Christians, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day;
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee, the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

A CHRISTMAS PASTIME; OR, THE CRYING FAMILY.

About thirty-five minutes in representation.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

FATHER,	MOTHER,	NUMEROUS CHILDREN,
JANUARY,	ST. VALENTINE,	MARCH,
APRIL,	MAY,	JUNE,
FOURTH OF JULY,	AUGUST,	SEPTEMBER,
OCTOBER,	NOVEMBER,	OLD CHRISTMAS.

The FATHER and MOTHER are seated in arm-chairs on one side of the stage, toward the back. The youngest child sits in the mother's lap; the others on low chairs, stools, hassocks, and on the floor in semicircular rows around their parents, but facing out. All, including father and mother, have handkerchiefs, and are sobbing and crying.

JANUARY is a small boy, dressed in white canton flannel, sparkling with spangles and crystal beads, and trimmed with cotton batting; on his head a cap of the same.

ST. VALENTINE, a larger boy, wears a page's suit of gay colors, velvet cap ornamented with a large, gilt heart from which rises a long plume. A postman's bag of some bright color hangs over his shoulder, and in it are some fanciful valentines.

MARCH is a boy of twelve or fourteen, in a rough suit; if it is worn through at the elbows and knees so much the better; old, shabby, soft felt hat; old, muddy boots.

APRIL is a slender little girl, fair and pale, with a gossamer waterproof on, but thrown back to show a white dress with light green tulle trimmings.

MAY is a larger girl in pale blue, with a bunch of apple-blossoms at the front.

JUNE is a girl of twelve to fifteen, in pink, with a wreath of flowers on her head.

FOURTH OF JULY is a young lady in white with red sash; a blue liberty cap with a border of gilt stars. She carries the national flag.

AUGUST is a young man in a yachting suit, with sailor hat, or a tennis suit, with a racquet in his hand.

SEPTEMBER is a young man in a hunting suit, with a game bag and gun on his shoulder. A well-trained dog is an addition, but is not indispensable.

OCTOBER is a lady in wine color, with a mantle of orange or gold color gracefully draped over the shoulder, and a crown of autumn leaves on her head.

NOVEMBER is a stout, middle-aged man, dressed as a farmer, carrying a basket of provisions, turkey, squash, and celery.

OLD CHRISTMAS has on a buffalo robe, with dots of cotton batting on the shoulders and on the top of his fur-trimmed cap (to represent a sprinkling of snow). He carries a tall staff wound with evergreen, with a bunch of holly twigs fastened at the top. He has white hair and beard.

*** The verses to be sung are altered from an old carol. Music, an old Welsh air.

THE CRYING FAMILY.

Father, Mother, and Children.—

Oh! dear; oh! dear; what shall we do?
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

January (*entering from the opposite side*).—

Please stop crying, and listen to me.

[*Father, Mother and Children stop crying and look at him in surprise.*]

Mother.—

Well, little boy, pray who may you be?

January.—

I'm a kind of winter fairy,
And my name is January;
I can give you something nice—
Deep, white snow, and slippery ice;
Sliding, coasting, sleighing, too,
For four long weeks I promise you.

Father.—

Yes, and plumbers' bills to pay!
Thanks! you'd better go away.

[*Makes a gesture of dismissing him.*]

All (*turning away their faces, and gesticulating as if wishing to push him out*).—

Go, go, go! we don't want you.

[*January goes out where he came in.*]

All (*crying again*).—

Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

St. Valentine (*entering*).—

Stop your crying and listen to me.

[*All look up as before.*]

Father.—

Well, young gentleman, who may you be?

St. Valentine.—

I come as a messenger, my friends,
That Mother February sends;
They call me sweet St. Valentine;
I can give you something fine,

[*Takes valentines from his bag and shows them.*]

Pretty notes, all paper-lace,
Flowers and verses in their place.

Mother.—

Yes, and chilblains on our toes;
I don't care how soon he goes!

[*Same gesture as before.*]

All (*as before*).—

Go, go, go! we don't want you!

[*St. Valentine goes out.*]

All (*crying*).—

Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

March (*enters running, and out of breath*).—

Do stop crying, and listen to me!

[*All look up.*]

Father.—

Well, young fellow, who may you be?

March.—

Well, old fellow, March is my name—
The wind was blowing this way, so I came—
I've engagements to-day in various directions,
I'm very busy about the elections;
If you want any water, I'll send you a flood,
If you want to play marbles, I'll furnish some mud.

Mother.—

And a cold in the head to every one.

All (*sneezing*).—

At-chew! at-chew!

Father.—

That's enough! Begone!

All (*as before*).—

Go, go, go! we don't want you.

[*March goes out running.*]

All (*crying*).—
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

April (*entering timidly*).—
Perhaps you'd better listen to me.
[*All look up.*]
Mother.—
Well, little girl, pray who may you be?
April (*bashfully*).—
My name is April—I thought I'd come—
But I almost wish I'd stayed at home.
[*Looks shyly back toward the door.*]
I thought I'd come—but I don't know why—
Oh! dear, I believe I'm going to cry!
[*Hides her face in her hands.*]

Mother.—
And spoil our new bonnets! I call that cool!
Father.—
I never could bear an April fool!
All (*as before*).—
Go, go, go! We don't want you!
[*April goes out crying.*]
All (*crying*).—
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

May (*enters laughing*).—
You'd better stop crying, and listen to me.
[*All look up.*]
Mother.—
Well, Miss Pert, and who may you be?
May.—
You've often heard of me, I dare say,
I'm the famous "Merry, merry May."

I'll give you days that are light and long,
The blue-bird's note and the robin's song,
A scent of violets in the breeze,
Bright green meadows and blossoming trees—

Mother.—

And moving and house-cleaning, paper and paint,
Sweeping and scrubbing, till we're ready to faint!

All (*as before*).—

Go, go, go! We don't want you!

[*May tosses her head and goes out.*]

All (*crying*).—

Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

June (*entering*).—

Why are you crying? Come, listen to me.

[*All look up.*]

Father.—

Well, pretty maiden, who may you be?

June.—

I'm June, the enchantress, fair and young,
Adored by lovers, by poets sung;
I bring the rare and perfect days,
Soft skies and roses, and bob-o'-links' lays—

Mother.—

And country cousins for summer shopping!

Father.—

And canker worms, by the million dropping!

Children.—

You'll drive us all to desperation,
It's nothing but cram for examination!

All (*as before*).—

Go, go, go! We don't want you!

[*June shrugs her shoulders and goes out.*]

All (*crying*) —
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

Fourth of July (*entering*).—
Leave off this crying, and listen to me.
[*All look up.*]

Father.—
Well, young lady, who may you be?

Fourth of July.—
Not know who I am? Fie, oh! fie;
Don't you recognize the Fourth of July?
I'll give you a splendid celebration
For the birthday of this glorious nation;
Horns that blow with the earliest light,
Wonderful fireworks, shown at night,
Lemonade at the corner stands,
Waving banners and martial bands,
Boom of cannon, and roll of drums—

Mother.—
Scorched faces, burnt clothes, and blistered thumbs!

Father.—
Fire, disaster, and devastation—
That's the way you honor the nation!

All (*as before*).—
Go, go, go! We don't want you!
[*Fourth of July stalks off majestically.*]

All (*crying*).—
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

August (*entering with a dance, skip, and jump*).—
Now leave off crying, and listen to me.
[*All look up.*]

Father (*sharply*).—
Well, young whipper-snapper, who may you be?

August.—
Oh! I see you are rather cross—
Too much counting of profit and loss,
Too much worry and household care,
Too much work for young brains to bear;
You ought to have more time to spare;
A foe to business, I revel in pleasure,
I'm August, the patron of elegant leisure.
Take a month's vacation with me,
At the mountains or by the sounding sea!
Father.—
And who'll pay our board, I should like to know,
At the grand hotels where you'd have us go?
Mother.—
Who'll promise exemption from all the ills
Of the hot little farm-houses up on the hills?
Mosquitoes, hard water, and tough beefsteak,
Beds—the thought of them makes me ache!
Father.—
And who's responsible, who, but you,
For the typhoid fever and cholera, too?
Children.—
And what's the good of vacation, I say,
When the weather's so awfully hot you can't play?
All (as before).—
Go, go, go! We don't want you!
[*August skips out.*]
All (crying).—
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

September (entering).—
Come, come, quit crying, and listen to me.
[*All look up.*]

Father.—

Well, and pray, sir, who may you be?

September.—

An old acquaintance; September's my name;
I can show you the very best of game,
Cool days, bright sky, and the greatest fun
That ever was got out of dog and gun;
And if an excursion you're going to make,
I'm the companion you want to take.

Father.—

There, that's enough! We all belong
To the S. P. C. A., and we think it's wrong—
This shooting of rabbits and birds for play—
We'll have nothing to do with it anyway!

Mother.—

Your days may be cool, and your sky be clear,
But I think 'twas a gale of yours last year
That tore my week's washing off the line—

Father.—

And blew down a favorite pear tree of mine—

Mother.—

Though your weather is neither cold nor warm,
What about your equinoctial storm?

Children.—

Talk of excursions, and having fun!
It's all your doing that school has begun;
Digging at fractions and x + y,
What chance have we to gaze at the sky?

All (*as before*).—

Go, go, go! we don't want you!

[*September whistles to his dog, and goes out.*]

All (*crying*).—

Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

October (entering).—
Hush, my friends, and listen to me.
[*All look up.*]
F —
I pray, dear madam, who may you be?
October.—
My name is October, the golden prime
Of the year is mine, the harvest time!
Plenty crowns meadow and vine and tree;
The grain in the field belongs to me,
The orchard's wealth and the vine's rich stores—
I offer them all to you and yours.
Mother.—
Your days are short, and your mornings cold,
And we feel that the year is growing old.
Father.—
Your gifts—as you call them—are bought and sold,
And your beautiful leaves of crimson and gold
Litter the garden dreadfully,
And keep me busy continually.
Children.—
You're neither one thing nor another,
Under our overcoats we smother,
Or else without them we must shiver
If there's the slightest breeze whatever.
All (as before).—
Go, go, go! we don't want you!
[*October bows with dignified stiffness, and goes out.*]
All (crying).—
Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
November (entering).—
Hey? what's the matter? Come, 'tend to me.
[*All look up.*]

Mother.—

Well, my good man, and who may you be?

November.—

Why, bless me, ma'am, you surely remember
Thanksgiving Day comes in with November!
Here, take what I bring you, I give what I can,
On my word as an honest and hard-working man.

Mother.—

A turkey to roast, and squash pies to make!
Oh! how my head and my joints will ache!

Father.—

Though you seem to be so hale and lusty,
Your days are dark, and your nights are frosty;
You give me sore throats and rheumatic pains—

Children.—

And when there's a Fair it always rains.

All (*as before*).—

Go, go, go! we don't want you!

[*November coughs gruffly, and goes out.*]

All (*crying*).—

Oh! dear; oh! dear. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

(*Sound of sleigh bells is heard, faint at first, but becoming louder and louder. All stop crying, and look eagerly toward the door. Sound ceases suddenly.*)

Father.—

What's that?

Mother.—

Who's that?

Children.—

Who can it be?

Old Christmas (*entering*).—

Dear friends, I'm sure you all know me.

[*All look pleased, rise, and put away their handkerchiefs.*]

My traveling sleigh is just outside,
I've stopped a moment on my ride
To know what lads and lassies here
Have been good children all the year.

[*All hang their heads and remain silent.*]

Does no one answer? What, not one?
Poor little souls, what have you done?

Oldest Children.—

We've often been selfish, and saucy, and sly,
And put off our lessons to learn by and by.

Next Younger Children.—

We've repeated the naughty things some one has said,
And we have not gone willingly, always, to bed.

Youngest Children.—

We haven't been careful and neat when we ate,
And sometimes we've left all our crusts on the plate.

All the Children.—

But one very bad fault we all have, and 'tis this:
We cry when the least little thing goes amiss.

[*Old Christmas looks very serious.*]

Father and Mother.—

Dear Christmas, the children are hardly to blame,
For we must acknowledge that we do the same.

Old Christmas (holding up his finger reprovingly).—

You? What an example for parents to set—
When things don't go to suit you, to whimper and fret;

[*Strokes his beard.*]

In this case I hardly know what I should do
With the sleighful of gifts I was bringing for you.

Father.—

O Christmas! we do not deserve them, we fear.

Mother.—

You must take them all back, and wait till next year.

[*All look very sad, and take out their handkerchiefs.*]

Old Christmas.—

Take care! though it's hard, resolve not to cry;
Bear it bravely! That's right! You'll succeed if you try.

[*They wipe their eyes quickly, put away their handkerchiefs, and look more cheerful.*]

Well done! There's a smile! That's worth more than a tear!
Keep at it, and you'll get a present—next year!

[*Reflectively stroking his beard.*]

A present next year—[*decidedly*] no, I'll give it to-day;
I believe, after all, that will be the best way;
'Twill preach to you gently, and say, "Now, my dear,
Make an effort; you don't quite deserve me this year,"
And perhaps when I come here, a year from to-night,
I shall find that in giving it now I was right.
Now, while I am gone—'twill not be very long—
Suppose you all join in some merry old song!

Mother.—

We mean to be good and do just as we're told,
And we all know a song that's both merry and old.

[*Old Christmas goes to the door.*]

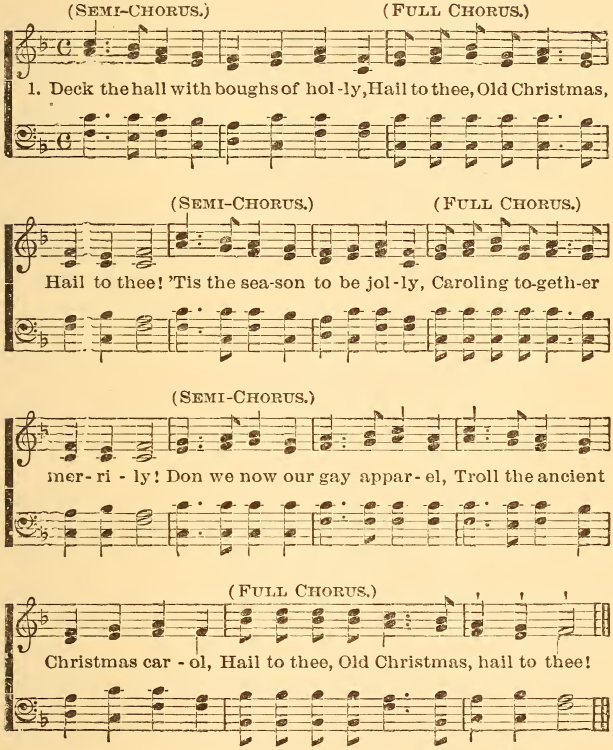
Old Christmas.—

Why, here are the people you treated so badly.

Father.—

Oh! bid them come in; we'll apologize gladly.

(*Old Christmas goes out. The rejected visitors enter, one after another, and bow ceremoniously in passing to the back of the stage, on the side opposite to the family.*

All the family bow and curtsey very low as each guest passes. When they are in place, all sing.)

(SEMI-CHORUS.)
(FULL CHORUS.)
1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol-ly, Hail to thee, Old Christmas,
(SEMI-CHORUS.)
(FULL CHORUS.)
Hail to thee! 'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly, Caroling to-geth-er
(SEMI-CHORUS.)
mer-ri-ly! Don we now our gay appar-el, Troll the ancient
(FULL CHORUS.)
Christmas car-ol, Hail to thee, Old Christmas, hail to thee!

See the blazing Yule before us;
Hail to thee, Old Christmas, hail to thee!
Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Caroling together merrily:

Follow me in merry measure
While I tell of Christmas treasure;
Hail to thee, Old Christmas, hail to thee!

Fast away the old year passes,
Hail to thee, Old Christmas, hail to thee!
Greet the new, ye lads and lassies,
Caroling together merrily!
Sing once more, and all together,
Heedless of the wind and weather,
Hail to thee, Old Christmas, hail to thee!

[*Old Christmas enters and distributes gifts.*]

MRS. L. A. BRADBURY.

A FLOWER SERVICE.

SUGGESTIONS.

This short service may be used as a concert piece and thus be repeated by the whole school, or the "Bible Selections" may be read or recited responsively, and the rhyme by one person; or the former by some selected boys or girls, or by the whole school. Again, half of the "Bible Selections" may be given to the boys and half to the girls, the rhyme then being recited by all together. Or, as a still further change, the entire service may be recited by separate girls or boys selected from the school. In this case the girls should be dressed simply in white, and each one who recites should carry an appropriate bouquet, which should be laid on a convenient table or altar at the close of each separate recitation.

This service may be appropriately used on various occasions by adapting the manner of rendering it to each particular celebration. It could be used at Easter, Decoration Day, Children's Day, or at a gathering of the members of a Flower Mission.

BIBLE SELECTIONS.

No. 1.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

No. 2.

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

No. 3.

The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.

Solomon's Song ii, 12th and part of 13th verse.

No. 4.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.

Psalm ciii, 15th verse.

No. 5.

I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

Hosea xiv, 5th verse.

No. 6.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Isaiah xxxv, 1st verse.

No. 7.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.

Song of Solomon ii, 1st verse.

No. 8.

Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Luke xii, 27th verse

No. 9.

BRING FLOWERS.

Sweet flowers are blooming so bright and so fair,
Then scatter them freely with many a prayer,
Go where the sick and the weary ones stay
And scatter them, scatter them, over their way.

Lay them not low on the graves of the dead,
But bring them to hands that are toiling instead,
Let each petal of beauty sweet stories unfold
Of mansions on high where are glories untold.

Then hope will arise 'mid shadows of night,
And the tear-heavy eyes grow joyous and bright;
Yes, carry them, carry them, flowers so fair,
Where sweep the dark pinions of sorrow and care.

If each number is given by a separate boy or girl, a pretty effect may be obtained by having each speaker take his or her place to form a half circle about the table or stand which receives the flowers, and remain thus in tableau a few moments at the close of the recitations.

CLARA J. DENTON.

A "CHILDREN'S DAY" SERVICE.

This service is not intended to arrange for either singing or prayers. These must be left to the individual opportunities and needs of each particular school.

No. 1.

(*A responsive reading by the Superintendent and School.*)

Superintendent.—Both young men and maidens, old men and children.

School.—Let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent; His glory is above the earth and heaven.

Psalm xlviii, 12th and 13th verses.

Superintendent.—And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David! they were sore displeased,

School.—And said unto Him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?

Matt. xxi, 15th and 16th verses.

Superintendent.—And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them,

School.—And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Superintendent.—Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

School.—And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

Matt. xviii, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th verses.

Superintendent.—And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them, and His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

School.—But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.

Superintendent.—Verily I say unto you, Whosoever

shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

School.—And he took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

Mark x, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th verses.

No. 2.

(*Recitation by a little girl of the following verses:*)

I wonder if I had been there,
'Mong the throngs who near Jesus would be,
Would His face have been tenderly turned
A moment to smile upon me?

Had I only been close to Him then,
When He kindly, pityingly said,
"Let the little ones come," would His hands
Have been lovingly laid on my head?

Perhaps He'd have held me so close
That His face I plainly could see,
And then I would softly have prayed,
Dear Jesus, oh! make me like Thee.

But though I could not be there,
He loves little children to-day,
If I ask Him He'll hear me, I know,
And keep me from going astray.

No. 3.

(*Reading by Superintendent or other selected person of the third chapter of the first book of Samuel.*)

No. 4

(*Recitation by infant class of this verse:*)

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. Prov. viii, 17th verse

No. 5.

(*Recitation by classes of the following verses, a verse to each class:*)

1. Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.

2. Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

3. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

Eph. vi, 1st, 2d, and 3d verses.

4. My son, forget not my law, but let thine heart keep my commandments.

5. For length of days and long life and peace shall they add to thee.

6. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck, write them upon the table of thine heart.

7. So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

8. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.

9. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

Proverbs iii, first six verses.

10. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

Ecc. xii, 1st verse

No. 6.

(*An exercise for eight young girls. The girls should be dressed in white. On the breast of each a large letter must be fastened. These letters should be made of pasteboard and lined with cambric, so that they may easily be attached to the dress by means of small safety-pins. They may be decorated either with flowers, evergreens, or gilt paper. As each speaker completes her verse the next should be near at hand to take her place promptly beside her. When all have taken their places the motto, "Be Humble," will be displayed by the letters on the breasts of the speakers.*)

(*Texts for this exercise.*)

B. Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility.

Prov. xviii, 12th verse.

E. Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Eph. iv, 3d verse.

H. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and He shall lift you up.

James iv, 10th verse.

U. Unto the lowly He giveth grace.

Prov. iii, 34th verse (transposed).

M. Meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another.

Col. iii, part of 12th and 13th verses.

B. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Matt. v, 5th verse

L. Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem the other better than themselves.

Phil. ii, 3d verse.

E. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

Matt. xx, 28th verse.

(*Closing text to be immediately repeated by the school in concert.*)

God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.

James iv, 6th verse.

(*These eight girls should remain in tableau during the singing by the choir of a short and appropriate song or hymn. This singing closes the service.*)

CLARA J. DENTON.

THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING.

CHARACTERS.

Eight Children—four boys and four girls.

SCENE.—An ordinary parlor, with the children sitting or standing near the back of the room.

First Girl steps a little in advance of the others and speaks.—

LO, the fading, dying year
Doffs his robes, grows gray and sere,
Dried leaves rustle at our tread,
Grass is withered, flowers are dead.

Boy steps forward and speaks.—

But our barns are brimming over,
Full of hay and sun-dried clover,
Bins and store-house once again
Groan with heaps of golden grain.

All speak.—

He who hath these blessings sent,
In His mercy, surely meant
That, with hearts grown warm and tender,
All our thanks to Him we'd render.

First Girl.—

Thanks to Him, who from above
Bendeth down to us in love.

Second Girl.—

Heareth every whispered prayer,

Third Girl.—

Keepeth us with tender care.

All speak.—

Now to Heaven our prayers ascend,
Saviour, Master, Father, Friend.

Girls.—

"Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving,"
Psa. cxlvii, 7.

Boys.—

"In everything give thanks." 1 Thes. v, 18.

All speak, hands clasped, looking up.—

O, our Master, Maker, now
Aid us while we lowly bow.

While to Thee we humbly pray,
Help us keep Thanksgiving Day.

Girls.—

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving."
Psa. c, 4.

Boys.—

"Thanksgiving and honor be to our God."
Rev. vii, 12.

Second Girl.—

O, many a festal day we keep,
As the seasons come and go,
And some are bright with summer flowers,
Some white with the winter snow.

All.—

But never a fairer one, I ween,
Than Thanksgiving Day is ever seen.

First Boy.—

Then east and west, then north and south,
There's a sound of hurrying feet,
As all the dear ones near and far,
Around the home hearth meet.

All.—

What matter to them that cold winds blow
Or the air is thick with the falling snow?

All the Boys.—

Whatever our creed, or what our faith,

All the Girls.—

Or the God to whom we pray,

Boys.—

Pagan or Christian,

Girls.—
Moslem or Jew,
All.—
We can all keep Thanksgiving Day,
In the crowded marts, or the lonely woods,
For this is a feast of brotherhood.

Third Girl.—
Have I heard or read in some legend old
Why the first Thanksgiving was kept?
Or is it a dream that came to me,
Once, while I dreaming slept?

Third Boy.—
Ah, no! 'tis a story we all have heard,
If you look to the long dead years,
On the early pages of history
You will see where that tale appears.

Third Girl.—
Tell me the story. Well I like
These legends old to hear,
And to this page of history
I'll lend a willing ear.

Fourth Boy.—
Over the sea is a quaint old town,
And from there one autumn day,
Centuries back, a white-winged ship
Went slowly sailing away.

All the Boys and First, Second, and Fourth Girls.—
We seem to see e'en now, as we gaze
Down the years so faded and dim,
The strong-limbed, sturdy old Puritans,
And the maidens so fair and prim.

Fourth Boy.—

Days came and went, suns rose and set,
And the autumn time was gone,
Before their tired, sea-strained eyes
The brown earth looked upon.

But at last in the early winter time
Was ended their weary way,
For they rounded a sandy headland,
And found a sheltered bay.

All the Boys.—

There the ship lay fast at her moorings,
And the sky was black as death,
While a wind from the north came swirling down
With its icy, frozen breath.

First Boy.—

The wintry sea, all wild and rough,
Around and behind them lay,
And landward, far as the eye could see,
The low hills stretched away.

Second Boy.—

Never a steeple crowned them, then,
No curling, friendly smoke,
But pines with wind-tossed tassels,
Bare maples, birch, and oak.

Third Boy.—

Then the walls of the Mayflower's cabin
A wonderful picture saw,
As on bended knees the stern men vowed
God's word should be their law.

Boys.—

"They entered into an oath, to walk in God's law."
Neh. x, 29.

Girls.—

"I delight in the law of God." Rom. vii, 22.

All.—

"Christ is the end of the law." Rom. x, 4.

First, Second, and Fourth Girls speak.—

And now for their chosen leader,
John Carver, so kind, we see.

All the Boys.—

While stout Miles Standish, with sword in hand,
Was the chief of the company.

Fourth Boy.—

And then the men on the wooded shore,
In spite of the lurking foe,
Builded a stout log cabin,
To shelter them from the snow.

Girls speak.—

O, wild and bitter the icy blast!

Boys speak.—

O, white was the driving snow!

All.—

O, woe to the people of Plymouth town,
That winter of long ago!

First Girl.—

At last when under the pines' green plumes
They plucked the blossoms of May,

Under the starting spring-time grass
Half of their number lay.

All the Girls.—
Yet never a man among them,
Never a maid you'd find,
Who longed, like the Israelites of old,
For the land they had left behind.

First Boy.—
Within the soil they sowed the seed,
First Girl.—
God gave them sun and rain,
All.—
And autumn found their barns well filled
With loads of golden grain.

Second Girl.—
And then the Puritan fathers all
Said, as with one accord,
It is meet that we set apart a day
To give thanks to our gracious Lord.

Fourth Girl.—
And the little Puritan maidens
Put by their sober play,
And each in her prettiest meeting-gown
Helped keep Thanksgiving Day.

Girls.—
And then to show how they honored the Lord,
With the first fruits of the land,
They bid to the feast the savage chief
And all of his heathen band.

All.—

"The first fruits also of thy corn, of thy wine, and of thy oil, and the first fruit of the fleece of thy sheep, shalt thou give him." Deut. xviii, 4.

First Girl.—

"Go forth," cried Governor Bradford,
"Go into the forest and field,
And while the good wives shall bake and brew,
Let the men their matchlocks wield."

First Boy.—

Bring us the geese and turkeys,
Let your game-bags be brimming o'er,
And we'll make such a feast as the heathen folk
Never hath seen before.

Second Girl.—

O, never a feast like that was spread,
The tables were heaped up high,
Fish from the streams, game from the woods,
Brown loaves and pumpkin pie.

Second Boy.—

At last, when it all was ended,
In their paint and feathers gay,
Slow marching homeward one by one,
The Indians went their way.

Girls.—

The glitt'ring stars came peeping out,
The round-faced moon looked calmly down,

Boys.—

And peace and quiet softly fell
Around the walls of Plymouth town.

All.—

O, Puritan bold and Indian brave
To dust have moldered away,
For the years have slipped into centuries
Since that first Thanksgiving Day,

But whatever else to oblivion's stream
Old Time so swiftly bears,
We'll keep the days our fathers kept,
And hallowed with their prayers.

And each year when the dying autumn time
Shall steal Earth's flowers away,
Like the men of old, together we'll meet
And keep Thanksgiving Day.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

THE LAUREL WREATH.

(For Washington's Birthday.)

CHARACTERS.

Three Girls. Ten Boys.

First girl should hang a picture of Washington upon the wall.

A frame-work of wire may be placed around it, and on this each boy is to place his leaf, so that when completed, the portrait shall be surrounded by a wreath of laurel. A red and blue shield should be beneath it, and beneath this a red oblong. Upon this and the shield should be placed in white or silver letters and figures the date of birth.

The leaves may be of stiff green cardboard, and the letters of silver.

All Sing. Tune: Hail to the Chief.—

SING of the one now whose birthday we're keeping,
Let all our voices ring out clear and strong,
What though he lies now all dreamlessly sleeping,
Welcome his birthday with pæns of song.

Think what he's done for us;
All that he's won for us;
Given us liberty, country, and home,
O, let us sing again,
Shout out our glad refrain,
Sing, let our minster be heaven's blue dome.

First Girl.—

This pictured semblance, see, I bring,
Of him whose praises now you sing,
His name is 'graved on history's page,
Our patriot, chieftain, statesman, sage.

Boys.—

Now for this picture fair, of thine,
A laurel wreath, behold, we'll twine,
Leaf after leaf we'll put in place
Around our hero's honored face.

Of battles fought and victories won,
Of all the mighty deeds he's done,
Each leaf shall tell the simple story,
And help to keep alive his glory.

First Boy.—

Behold, the leaf I bring shall be
The symbol aye for liberty.

All.— What is its story?

First Boy.—

Ah! full well
Its simple tale to you 'twill tell.
Look back; before your wondering eyes
The children of the past shall rise;

See, 'mong the host that hurry by
The manly boy who dared not lie.
Now graven on this leaf with care
First letter of his name I bear.

Second Boy.—

With this, my leaf, plucked from Fame's tree,
That fearless boy a man I see,
Through trackless forests, dark and dim,
Through storm and flood, I follow him;
Through summer's heat and winter snows,
Beset by lurking savage foes.
Sure as the river seaward flows,
Wherever duty calls he goes.

Third Boy.—

And now, behold in Boston town,
The clouds of war come settling down,
She trembles 'neath the tyrant's sway,
And red-coats throng her streets by day.
But, hist! night comes, and down each street
The muffled tramp of myriad feet,
With morn upon the heights, I see
File after file of musketry.
The city's safe. Far down the bay
The baffled red-coats sail away.
To him who saved us in that hour,
Who helped to break the tyrant's power,
Who changed to smiles our tears of grief,
Marked with an S, I bring this leaf.

Fourth Boy.—

Now, what is this before my eyes,
Like some strange vision seems to rise?

The roar of cannon greets my ears,
And Trenton's battlefield appears.
O, see the wounded, dead, and dying,
And now the fierce invaders flying.
Lo! Now this leaf I'll place for thee,
Thou who didst gain the victory.

Fifth Boy.—

Behold, the fifth leaf now appears,
And down through all long dim years
I look, and almost think I see
Old Princeton's field of victory.

Sixth Boy.—

And now I come, and with me bring
This leaf, my humble offering,
You may not see, ah, well for you,
The sights that with it meet my view.
Sad Valley Forge, that time of dread,
When all our hopes seem lost or dead,
When cold and hunger seemed to be
The only fruit on Freedom's tree.
'Twas then this man, and he alone,
Sustained our courage with his own.

Seventh Boy.—

Another leaf I bring, and see,
Upon its face the letter G.
It tells of days of warfare passed,
Of bloody Monmouth won at last.

Eighth Boy.—

This leaf shall surely tell the story
Of many a deed of fame and glory.

O, graven on it there I see,
Full many a fight for liberty.
Cowpens and Eutaw Springs—yes, more—
What need to name them—all are o'er,
And so this leaf I'll put in place,
With T emblazoned on its face.

Ninth Boy.—
My leaf shall tell of that old town,
Of all our loss and gain, the crown,
How from its gates, one autumn day
We sent the British troops away.
Yorktown! Now in this leaf I see
Our country from the invaders free.

Tenth Boy.—
Last leaf of all, our work is done,
Now read its letters one by one,
And there in silver lines you'll find
The greatest name among mankind
The rest are stars, he is the sun,
Our wise, our honored

All.— WASHINGTON.

First Girl.—
Upon this shield, that's just beneath
The green leaves of your laurel wreath,
I place the month he came to earth.

Second Girl.—
And I the day that gave him birth.

Third Girl.—
And just beneath appears in view
The year, old 1732.

Boys and Girls.—

O year! O month! O glorious day!
As long as time shall be, for aye
We'll keep, till earth its course has run,
The birthday of our Washington.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

THE QUEST OF THE THREE KINGS.

(For Christmas.)

SCENE I.

A large room, as richly furnished as possible, with hanging draperies On the right on an elevated, draped seat, Herod in purple and crimson robes, with gilt crown and sceptre Lower seats in centre, the three kings, one dark with Egyptian head tire; one old, gorgeously dressed as an East Indian; one young, fair-haired, in Gallic dress.

On left, facing Herod, on low seats, a number of Rabbis, with rolls in their hands; costumes copied from Holman's picture of "Christ in the Temple." Behind Herod, his guards dressed as Roman soldiers.

Herod (to Rabbis).—Attend my words and listen.
From your schools
I summoned you. The whole of this my land
Is much amazed. Jerusalem is moved.
(*Pointing to Kings.*) These Kings, these sages from the East, have come
Asking for Juda's King. When led to me
They said they sought an infant; that a star
Had led them from far lands to find the King
Of all Judea. I would help their quest.
(*Pointing to the rolls.*) Look in your sacred writings; answer me:
Where shall the Christ be born? For no less King
Would new stars shine.

First Rabbi (*hesitating*).—A new star in the sky!
Pardon, great Herod; this requires time.
And we would ask, Where, when, and how the star
Appeared to them?

Herod (*impatient*).—Well, ask them. They can tell.

First Rabbi (*to Kings*).—Most noble sirs, be pleased to speak to us,
And tell us when and where ye saw the star.

Balthazar, the old King (*rising*).—For near a hundred years I watched the stars,
In hope of some new hope for dying men.
One night I looked—far shining in the west
Shone a new star, so bright it seemed all joy,
All life for me was there. I followed it
Long months across the desert. Tell me, where,
Where shall I find the King that star foretells.
Oh! tell me quickly.

[*A hidden choir, faint, as if far away, are heard singing,*
"Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son," etc.*]

Herod (*turning to guards angrily*).—Captain of my guards,
Silence those people quickly.

[*Two of the guards go out on right, and return after awhile.*]

Gaspard (*the young King, rising*).—Scarce more than boy, I held my father's throne,
But longed for higher power, wider range.
Then shone a new star on the horizon's rim.
It shone, it rose in majesty above
All stars, and then I knew that I had found
A King all kings might worship. So in speed

* Any other appropriate Christmas hymn can be substituted for this one.

I gave my realm into my uncle's care,
And hasted to depart, twelve months ago.
[*Singing outside:*
" He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong."]

Herod (*sternly, to guard*).—Did I not bid you silence those without?

Captain (*bowing and apologizing*).—Yea, noble King, but we could find without
No singers.

Herod (*angrily*).—Look again. Go take your swords,
And use them to good purpose. Do you hear?

Melchior (*the dark King, rising*).—I sought for wisdom, read each ancient scroll.
I spent whole nights in study. As I watched
Orion and the seven stars arise,
I turned, and lo! a new Star rose and shone.
I knew the time had come; the King was born.
I hasted on to worship at His throne.
Ten months I've journeyed o'er the desert waste.
[*Song as before:*
" He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth."]

Guards (*to each other, apart*).—What shall we do? Herod will take our heads
If this goes on.

Herod (*haughtily to Rabbis*).—Have ye no answer yet?
(*To Kings*) They're gaining time to hide their ignorance.

First Rabbi (*to Second*).—Open the scroll. Isaiah will reply.

Second Rabbi (*to First.*)—Nay! 'Tis in Micah.
[*Rabbis open scrolls and pore over them.*]

Third Rabbi.— Sure, Jerusalem
Should be the honored place.
Fourth Rabbi.— He shall be called
A Nazarene.
Fifth Rabbi (*thoughtfully*).—We know the Christ must come
Of David's root.
Sixth Rabbi (*emphatically*).—And, therefore, Bethlehem
Must be His birthplace.
Seventh Rabbi (*courteously*).—Some have thought, indeed,
Thyself, great Herod, should Messiah be.
Herod (*mollified.*)—That's far more likely. None of David's race
Are left, that I can find.
First Rabbi (*to Second, apart.*)—If they were found
They would not live too long.
Sixth Rabbi (*rising and reading from scroll*).—These are the words:
"Oh! Bethlehem, Ephratah, not the least
Art thou among the tribes of Israel;
For out of thee shall come the Governor
To rule my people, and His going forth
Is to eternity."
Herod (*turning to Kings*).—From Bethlehem!
Go, then, my friends. I send a guide with you.
Be not discouraged; diligently search,
And bring me word again, that I may come
And pay Him homage also. Yea, indeed,
Judea's baby King shall have a gift
From Herod.
(*Turning and speaking to himself*) A sharp sword, a small, deep grave,

And that right speedily, I promise you.

[*The Kings rise, bowing.*]

Gaspard.—We thank your kindness, and will not delay.

[*The Kings go out on left. Herod and Rabbis rising.*]

Belthazar (*pointing*).—The Star! the Star again!

Melchior.— Behold the Star! (*They pass on.*)

Herod (*to Rabbis, fiercely*).—See that ye stand by none who seek my throne,
David or Child Messiah. Ye might meet
Swift punishment. (*Rabbis bow silently.*)

(*Voices of Kings outside*).—It is the Star! Haste! haste!

(*Herod comes to left, passes haughtily the bowing Rabbis, looks up and around, and mutters discontentedly*).—
What Star? I see no other stars than those
That always shine. What do those wise men see?
I can see nothing.

[*Faint and far off the song is heard:*

"To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily song ascend."]

E. MURRAY.

LONG AGO.

(For Decoration Day.)

NOTES.—This programme may be lengthened by the addition of appropriate music between the pieces.

The backgrounds or settings for the scenes and tableaux will render them more effective, but are not indispensable; a plain screen or curtain at the back will answer if a more elaborate screen is not easily procurable.

It is recommended that the readings and recitations be given from the audience room or on the stage in front of the curtain, in order to leave the stage to those who are preparing the scene soon to follow.

Columbia should be dressed in white, with a blue mantle draped over the shoulder, her hair flowing or twisted in a Grecian coil, bound with a fillet of ribbon or a gold band.

No. VI, "Side by Side," is by Fanny C. Osgood; No. VII, "The Army of Knitters," and No. XI, "Flowers for the Brave," are anonymous; No. VIII, "Lullaby," is by E. J. Cutler.

As music for the Lullaby, the tune by J. Barnly, called "Emmelar," in some collections, is suggested; also a "Cradle Hymn," by Emily Bruce, in her collection of "Six Songs," published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland. In the latter the last line of the music must be repeated. Both tunes will need slight adaptations to fit the words.

I.

To Arms!

[*Columbia advances, bearing the nation's flag. A drum sounds; when it stops she speaks.*]

TO arms!
From your homes on the seashore and hillside come forth,
And do battle for freedom, ye men of the North!
'Tis your country that calls you; stand ready to fight
For her honor and glory, her laws and the right.

New England, remember your own Bunker Hill,
And show that the blood of the fathers runs still
In the veins of their children; your minute-men's sons
Must win other Concords and New Lexingtons.

Pennsylvania, the peaceful, and gallant New York,
'Tis no pastime awaits you, but terrible work!
From counter and workshop, and quarry and mill,
Send men—men of energy, daring, and will.

Give your youth in its strength and its glory, O West
Your fairest and dearest, your bravest and best!
From lakeshore and prairie respond to the call,
To arms! for your country has need of you all!

To arms! for your freedom itself is at stake!
Who is ready to perish for liberty's sake?
You will slumber, perhaps, in a nameless grave,
But the nation will honor her unknown brave.

Death comes to every man, early or late—
Do you falter and shrink from a patriot's fate?
Listen! you know 'tis your country's call,
And your country trusts in you—each and all!
To arms!

II.

[*Reading.*]

Thus our country cried,
And brave hearts from every side,
From seashore and mountain home,
From prairie and valley and hill,
From forge and furrow and mill,
Made answer: "We're ready! we come!"

III.

Forward.

[*Tableau and reading. The background represents a country kitchen. Tableau a. A young soldier, in his uniform, clasps to his breast a girl whose face is hidden on his shoulder.*]

O loved and lover, link your hands
And let your lips responsive meet,
Your hearts once more together beat,
For life is young and love is sweet.

[*Tableau b. The young soldier has started to go, but holds her right hand in his right, and looks at her. Her face is turned from him, and she holds a handkerchief to her eyes with her left hand.*]

Then, lover, loose your circling arm,
And take again your sterner life;
Through fire and blood your pathway leads
To peaceful home and happy wife.

[*Tableau c. The young soldier at some distance from the girl makes a gesture of farewell. She, kneeling in the foreground, stretches out her arms to him.*]

And maiden, let your soldier go;
Look through the mist of falling tears,
See far beyond your doubts and fears
The life-long joy of coming years.

[*Tableau d. The girl, still kneeling, buries her face in her hands. The young soldier gazes upward and raises his hand, as if imploring a blessing.*]

IV.

Marching On.

[*Song, with chorus of men's voices, the more the better. Tune: "John Brown's Body."*]

Hail, thou blessed banner, shining out against the sky,
Beneath thy stars to conquer, or beneath thy stripes to die,
We go forward unto battle; let us shout our battle-cry.

Chorus.—As we go marching on,
On for liberty and union!
On for liberty and union!
On for liberty and union!
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Shout aloud, my comrades, let us sing our songs while yet
The sword is in its scabbard, and the flashing bayonet
Shows still no stain of battle, by foemen's blood unwet,
For we are marching on!

—*Chorus.*

Shout aloud, my comrades, even louder than before,
The time is coming shortly when the song shall be no more,
Smothered into stillness by the cannon's mighty roar,
For we are marching on!

—*Chorus.*

Victory shall be ours, and when you and I are old,
Sitting by our firesides in the evenings long and cold,
We'll sing again this chorus, and our children shall be told
How we went marching on!

—*Chorus.*

If I fall, let those who lay me in my low and narrow bed
Sing the song that we are singing, pile the earth above my head,
Leave a silent benediction for the soldier that is dead,
And then go marching on!

—*Chorus.*

All sing.—
So we go marching, marching along,
Shoulder to shoulder, the dauntless, young, and strong,
Singing all together the chorus of a song.
As we go marching on!

On for liberty and union!
On for liberty and union!
On for liberty and union!
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

V.

[*Reading.*]

So, as if to a tournament,
Into the jaws of death they went.
How many fell in the fiery track!
How few knew aught of a coming back!

VI.

Side by Side.

[*Reading or Recitation.*]

Side by side on their pillow soft
Two fair heads lie at rest;
While the mother heart broods tenderly
As a bird o'er its hidden nest;
And the low sun sends in lovingly
Its last warm beams from the west.

Side by side on the battle-field,
While a wan moon pales in the sky,
Clad in colors of North and South,
In a dreamless sleep they lie;
And the distant cries of a lonely bird
From the marshes float and die.

Side by side in the hospital
Two fair heads lie at rest;

While a mother murmurs amid her tears—
"Father, thou knowest best!"
And the low sun shines in lovingly
Through the windows looking west.

VII.

The Army of Knitters.

[*Scene and Recitation. The background represents a modest parlor. A number of women, old and young, are seated, all knitting stockings. One of them recites.*]

Far away in your camps by the storied Potomac,
Where your lances are lifted for liberty's weal,
As the north wind comes down from the hills of the home land,
Say, catch ye the clash of our answering steel?

Our hands are untrained to the touch of the rifle,
They shrink from the blade that grows red in the fight;
But their womanly weapons leap keen from their sheathing,
And the work that they find they will do with their might.

Your host that stands marshaled in solemn battalions
Beneath the dear flag of the stripes and the stars,
Hath as loyal a counterpart here at our hearthstones
As ever went forth to the brunt of the wars!

We rouse to the rescue! We're mustered in thousands!
We may not march on in the face of the foe;
Yet, while ye shall tramp to the sound of the battle,
Foot to foot we'll keep pace wheresoever ye go!

Ay, soul unto soul we are knitted together!
By link upon link in one purpose we're bound!
God mete us the meed of our common endeavor,
And our differing deeds with one blessing be crowned!

VIII.

Lullaby.

[*Song.*]

Now the twilight shadows flit, now the evening lamp is lit:
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Little head on mother's arm, she will keep him safe from harm,
Keep him safe and fold him warm:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Baby's father, far away, thinks of him at shut of day:
Sleep, baby, sleep!
He must guard the sleeping camp, hearkening, in the cold and damp,
For the foeman's stealthy tramp:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Now the eyes are closing up: let their little curtains drop:
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Softly on his father's bed mother lays her baby's head;
There, until the night be fled,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

God, who dries the widow's tears, God, who calms the orphan's fears,
Guard baby's sleep!

Shield the father in the fray; help the mother wait and pray;
Keep us all by night and day:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

IX.

Coming Home.

[*Reading or Recitation.*]

Is it thus, my soldier, that you come
Back to those who watched for you at home?
No quick footstep on the stair,
No light laughter on the air,
No fond phrasing of my name
Told me that my lover came!
No—a noise of wheels upon the street,
Then a tramping as of many feet,
Something heavy on the parlor floor—
Then a dreadful whisper—nothing more!

I had hoped, beloved, for your sake,
Other clothes than these black weeds to make
How my cheeks, two years ago,
Blushed at what you whispered low,
How I trembled, joy oppressed,
As you clasped me to your breast!
When the nation called her loyal sons,
You were ready with the foremost ones;
So with prayers and tears I let you go,
Knowing it was right, and must be so.

After you were gone the dreary day
Loitered, weeping on its weary way;

Two more days were just the same,
On the next your letter came;
How much life and love and hope
Folded in that envelope!
It was like a triumph all along,
People flocked to greet you, throng on throng,
Men hurrahed till they were hoarse with cheers,
Women gave you blessings, flowers, and tears.

After many days of anxious pain,
When we feared the worst, we heard again:
You had been quite ill, you said,
Even then you wrote in bed,
'Twas a cold you caught in camp,
Sleeping where the ground was damp.
In a fortnight's time there came to me
This last letter, written hastily—
"Orders are received, we march to-night,
By to-morrow we shall have a fight."

Oh, brave heart and loyal, beating high,
Proudly you went forward—but to die!
Oh, the dark, disastrous night!
Oh, the fearful, fatal sight,
When the morning's mellow light
Shone upon that bloody fight!
"Wrap him in the flag for which he died,
Cover up the death wounds in his side,
Bear him hence," they said, and as they spoke
Deep-drawn sighs from manly bosoms broke.

Oh, mine own belovèd, would that I
Could have fallen when you fell, to lie

Still and pulseless by your side,
All life's tumults pacified!
That we two might hand in hand
Go unto the silent land.
God in heaven, help me, and forgive!
Teach Thy weak, woe-weary child to live;
Strengthen with Thy strength, Almighty One!
Even so, O Lord, Thy will be done!

X.

LONG AGO.

[*Reading or Recitation.*]

O ye who read the record of the years,
In times of peace, how can you even know
What war is like? The daily hopes and fears,
The cruel frenzy and the burning tears,
The pain and passion of that long ago?

Only by war can war's sad tale be told;
Pray heaven the story you may never know!
Think of the dear ones in your own home-fold,
Believe that life was sweet in days of old,
And count the sacrifice of long ago.

Years pass—the green earth shows no battle stain,
On fields once red with blood wild roses blow;
A nation's children sing one glad refrain—
Thank God for peace! And thank Him yet again
For all the loyal hearts of long ago!

XI.

Flowers for the Brave.

[*Scene and Recitation. The background represents a wood-scene, with a white cross and some other memorial stones among the trees. A procession of soldiers and citizens bearing flags, and women and children with flowers. They form a group, and a young gir' recites.*]

Here bring your purple and gold,
Glory of color and scent;
Scarlet of tulips bold,
Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the fife,
And the bugle piping clear;
The vivid and delicate life
In the soul of the youthful year.
We bring to the quiet dead,
With a gentle and tempered grief;
O'er the mounds so mute we shed
The beauty of blossom and leaf.

The flashing swords that were drawn,
No rust shall their fame destroy!
Boughs rosy as rifts of dawn,
Like the blush on the cheek of joy;
Rich fires of the gardens and meads,
We kindle these hearts above!
What splendor can match their deeds?
What sweetness can match our love?

XII.

E Pluribus Unum.

[*To be sung by all present; the group remaining on the stage, and the audience standing. Tune, "America."*]

Our country, unto thee—
Now saved, united, free—
  Our song is given!
Thy States henceforward stand
Like sisters, hand in hand,
A strong and happy band,
  Beloved of Heaven!

War's desperate day is past,
And peace prevails at last
  From shore to shore.
In freedom's glorious might
The North and South unite
For liberty and right,
  One evermore!

Mrs. L. A. Bradbury.

THE MONTHS AND HOLIDAYS.

A NEW YEAR'S DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

Father Time,	The New Year,
Old Year,	Months,
New Year's Day,	Valentine's Day,
February 22d,	April Fool's Day,
Easter,	May Day,
Decoration Day,	Fourth of July,
Thanksgiving Day,	Christmas Day.

FATHER TIME, the NEW YEAR, the OLD YEAR, and the three winter months should be dressed in white. Wings covered with white cotton should be fastened to Time's shoulders, and he should hold an hour-glass in his hand. MARCH should wear a brown suit with patches of white cotton to represent snow. APRIL should dress in green and brown. MAY and the three summer months, in green. SEPTEMBER in red. OCTOBER in yellow, and NOVEMBER in brown. VALENTINE'S dress should have hearts and arrows sewed on it. FEBRUARY 22d should carry a hatchet. APRIL 1st should wear a dunce cap. EASTER should dress in white and wear a wreath of lilacs. MAY DAY should wear a wreath of spring flowers. DECORATION DAY should be dressed in blue. FOURTH OF JULY should carry a small flag, a toy-pistol, and a bunch of fire crackers. THANKSGIVING should be dressed as a Puritan maiden, and CHRISTMAS DAY should be dressed in white, and wear a wreath of holly. In the tableau the NEW YEAR should stand near the centre, TIME should be just behind him, and the Months and Holidays kneel in a semicircle around him.

Father Time.-

THE years come in and the years go out,
Flitting away to the past,
And the golden grains in the glass I hold
Are dropping so sure and fast.
One moment is here, the next it is gone,
And can never return to me,
But I'll find each one, the good and the bad,
On the shores of eternity.

[*Turns to the Old Year, who goes out while a bell rings twelve.*]

Farewell, Old Year! to the unknown shore
You pass, for your work is done.
All hail, New Year! you are joyful now,
For your reign is but just begun,
So I see each year go starting out,
With never a care or sorrow,
It knows no cloudy yesterdays,
Hope paints a bright to-morrow.
Too soon, alas! life's petty cares
Will check your spirit's flow,

Your form will bend, your bright eye dim,
Your step grow weak and slow.
No word of mine can change your fate,
O careless, happy year!
So with the rest who greet you now,
Time bids you welcome here.

New Year.—
Why should I sadden the day, good friend.
By croaking about to-morrow?
Troubles will come of their own accord,
So why should I seek to borrow?
Nay, I'll do God's will what'er may come,
No duty or work forgetting,
Life is too short, and my reign too brief
To spend any time in fretting.
Yet thanks for your warning, Father Time,
And thanks for your welcome, too,
But where are those who should meet me here,
My friends, and my subjects, true?

[*Enter Months and Holidays, singing. Air, Yankee Doodle.*]

Here we come, thy subjects true,
Marching all together,
Ev'ry one thy face would view,
Care not for the weather.
Winter winds may loudly blow,
Snow flakes thick come flying,
Greet we all the glad New Year,
While the old one's dying.

All recite.—

This is the song we've come to sing,
And this our greeting, "Long live the King!"

New Year.—

I am glad to meet you, friends. It warms my heart to find I have such true and loyal subjects. I should like to know your names.

January.—

I am January, one of Time's children,
Together we dance and sing,
While the old earth whirls beneath us,
And we bring you our gifts, great King.
There's a clangor of bells in the steeples,
There is mirth and merriment gay,
As I come like an army with banners,
With my gift, a New Year's Day.

I have thirty-one children, bright, rosy darlings. A little rough, maybe, but their hearts are all right. This is my oldest child. She is called New Year's Day. Come, my dear, sing his Majesty the little song you have learned.

New Year's Day sings. Air: I'm Called Little Buttercup.—

I'm called happy New Year's Day, dear happy New Year's Day.
My welcome never is cold.
I'm always called New Year's Day, happy New Year's Day,
Day that can never grow old.

All.—

She's always called New Year's Day,
Happy New Year's Day,
Day that can never grow old.

January.—

Yes, she's such a merry child, every one calls her "Happy New Year." No matter how cloudy the weather, she carries sunshine wherever she goes.

Months.—

O many pretty customs of New Year's Day we'd tell,
But first, we're always careful to end the old one well,
And when the new one cometh
Our pretty gifts we send
With pleasant words of greeting
To many a distant friend.

Holidays.—

There is something else of New Year's Day,
O King, that you ought to know;
'Tis then resolutions are started
That never have time to grow.
No wonder, O blithe New Year,
You are hanging down your head,
I should think it would make
Your lily-white cheeks change to a rosy red.

New Year's Day.—

Yes, my cheeks grow red as a rose in June,
For I'm sure it is very sad
For any one with a grain of sense
To be so silly and bad,

They think they can wander at will
Through the terrible slough of sin,
And expect to stand on solid ground
When New Year's Day comes in.
So they make their good resolutions,
As I start on my onward way,
But before a month is over
They are broken and thrown away.
'Tis for this that my cheeks grow red,
For this that I seem less gay,
'Tis the only blot that mars, O King,
This happy New Year's Day.

New Year.—

Well, friend, we will do our duty whatever others may do. Broken resolutions are better than none, for they show that the one who makes them wants to be wiser and better. So don't look so sad, but try to be what your mother calls you, "Happy New Year."

But I want to know all my subjects.

[*February steps forward.*]

What is your name, my friend?

February.—

You will see in the bare, brown forest,
That the frosty air is stirred
By the sound of fluttering pinions,
As soon as my name is heard.
The snow on my feet means winter,
But the starting buds mean spring.
I am called the month of February,
And a valentine I bring.

I have twenty-nine children, but only twenty-eight of them are at home all the time. My youngest child is quite a traveler, and is only willing to stay at home every fourth year; the rest of the time he is gone, no one knows where. This is my daughter Valentine. She is a great favorite, especially among young people.

Valentine.—

I'm Valentine, and a daughter true,
I'm here, O King, thy bidding to do.
I'm named for a saint, yet I don't aspire,
Like him that life should go out in fire.
Oh, not for this am I here to-day.
You are starting, O King, but now on your way.
God gives to you treasures from above,
And the best and purest of all is love.

Months.—

Listen, O King!
No song we sing,
To tell you of Valentine's Day,
But each lass and each lad
Is merry and glad
When Valentine walks this way.

Holidays.—

She brings them pretty missives,
Full of doves and hearts,
Ribbons tied in love-knots
And pierced with Cupid's darts.

February.—

Yes, my Valentine is a favorite everywhere,
Why, even the birds chirp a welcome to her,

Flitting here and flying there
O'er the fields so brown and bare.

But here is my son, February Twenty-second, he has come to pay his respects to the New Year.

February Twenty-second.—

The nation's sky was overcast,
And its stars were fading out one by one,
No light to guide the ship of state,
Till God from above sent Washington.
Like the sun he shone in the country's sky,
And the ship sailed safely upon her way,
The clouds of war went hurrying by,
And for this the nation keeps his birthday.

New Year.—

My friend, I am truly glad to see you, and to know I have such a patriotic subject. May the day be kept as long as the world shall stand. But who comes here? What noisy fellow is this?

March.—

Down from the highest mountains,
Where only a bird can soar,
Sweeping across the meadows,
I come with a rush and a roar;
Yet, spite of the breezy trumpet
I blow with all my might,
By a boy March is always welcome,
For I bring the wind for his kite.

New Year.—

Yes, March, the boys all welcome you, and in spite

of your boisterous ways, I shall be glad to see you, for I know you will come to tell me that winter is over.

April.—

You will hear my step on the mountain,
In valley, on hill and plain,
As the frozen earth I unlock once more
With my key of silvery rain.
I am April, and at my coming
Every brook begins to sing,
And out in the budding orchard
The bluebird's song I bring.

I have come to greet you, glad New Year, and have brought my daughter, April First.

Holidays.—

"April fool, go to school
And learn your A, B, C."

April (*beginning to cry*).—

That's a silly old rhyme the children say,
Believe me, great King, no truth is in it.
O, why should they trouble my daughter dear?
I wonder who was first to begin it?
I'm sure 'tis a relic of bygone days,
Of savage customs, and rough, rude ways.
I hope, O King, that while you rule
There never will be an "April Fool."

Months.—

O, for shame, the year is flying,
Silly April, and you're crying;
Dry your tears and smile again,
Sunshine's better far than rain.

New Year.—
Who is this that comes this way?

April.
That's my daughter, Easter Day,
Named in honor of that bright
Oester, goddess fair, of light.

Easter comes forward, and the Holidays recite.—
She is Easter, fair daughter of April, they say.
What wonderful legends we've heard of that day!
Of yore she was worshiped by prince and by peasant,
She was feasted and feted—of course, that was pleasant.
And now to come down to our own Easter Day,
You will find every nation is owning her sway,
As crowned with lilies, dispersing all gloom,
Each spring-time she tells how Christ rose from the tomb,
So Easter, glad Easter, we welcome you here,
The brightest and fairest of days o' the year.

New Year.—
Welcome, fair Easter! We all welcome thy coming. Now, who comes dancing this way? Her happy face is like a sunbeam.

May.—
I am May, and the gift I bring you
Is a handful of fragrant flowers,
That the quaint old proverb tells us
Spring forth from April showers;
So when, on my lowly pillow,
I feel the April rain,
I know it is time to be stirring,
And I start into life again.

New Year.—

Welcome, fair May. But who comes with you?

May.—

My daughter, May Day, a fair little lass, who has a fondness for the fields and woods.

May Day, recited or sung to some lively air.—

Come a-Maying! Come a-Maying!
Little lads and lasses,
To the woods and meadows come
Ere the springtime passes.
Gather all the flowers ye find,
Hawthorn, cowslip, every kind.
Weave them into garlands fair,
Deck each lassie's bonny hair;
Choose ye now a queen o' May,
Dance around the Maypole gay.

May.—

These are English customs, your Majesty, but, in my way of thinking, they are pretty ones, that we might well follow.

New Year.—

You say truly; these are pretty customs, but I fear we must leave them to our English cousins, for in our cold climate the flowers have hardly started when May Day comes. Ah! whom have we here?

May.—

My son, Decoration Day.

Decoration Day.—

When the buds and blossoms of May
Whisper to those of June,
And Nature's feathered songsters
Are singing their sweetest tune,
Then you hear the tramp of thousands,
The muffled roll of drums,
As from every part of the nation
An army marching comes.
They come with no clash of sabres,
No cries and groans of the dying,
No terrible roar of cannon,
And no blood-stained banners flying,
But their footsteps' measured tread
Is shaking the solid ground,
As North and South, the Blue and the Gray,
Are seeking each lowly mound,
Where, under the springtime grasses,
The dreamless soldiers lie,
And lo! as they bend above them
There's many a moistened eye,
And tears are softly dropping
Like the silv'ry April showers,
While from the fragrant load they bear
They cover each grave with flowers.
They give to each silent comrade
The flowers the springtime sends,
For Decoration Day, the Blue and the Gray,
Are loving and tender friends.

New Year.—

A holy task is thine, O Decoration Day! See that you do it well. Heap high each soldier's grave with

flowers, and may each blossom whisper a message of peace and forgiveness to all.

[*Decoration Day steps back and June comes forward.*]

June.—

O, gladly the birds all greet me,
The month they love the best.
Now, wherever you look, you are sure
To see a robin's painted breast.
How the children's faces brighten
As soon as my name they hear,
For they know June always brings them
The longest days in the year.

New Year.—

Welcome, O rose-crowned month of June! No wonder the children love you and think your sunny days are never too long.

[*July comes forward as June steps back.*]

July.—

Ringing of bells, and the drums rat-tat,
Fizz of powder, a dreadful noise!
Blazing crackers, and pop-guns snapping,
I am the month for the boys.
Hours before the summer sun
Tells that the morning draweth nigh,
Each boy is out to welcome the gift
I bring him—the Fourth of July.

Here he comes now, my noisy "Fourth." I think I'll let him speak for himself.

Fourth of July.—

'Tis more than a hundred years ago,
And Freedom's torch was but just alight,
That a band of sturdy and fearless men
Met to battle for truth and right.
Over their heads a great bell swung
Back and forth, and its resonant tongue
Seemed to be shouting o'er land and sea,
The people must and they shall be free,
No more shall they own a tyrant's sway,
Then I sprang to life—"Independence Day."

New Year.—

Ah, July, you may well feel proud of this brave boy. It is such as he that has made our country what it is to-day: the foremost one in the world. Don't try to keep him too quiet, lest you quench the spirit of patriotism he helps to keep alive.

August comes forward.—

On every breezy hillside
There's the patter of little feet,
And the ocean's murmur is echoed
By the children's voices sweet.
The grain grows ripe and golden,
The grass looks dusty and brown,
As out from August's laden hands
Ripe fruit comes dropping down.

New Year.—

You are a happy month for the children, O hot and dusty August, for now the school-house doors are closed, and no unwelcome bell tells them it is time

for school to begin. I hope, as they roam through your woods and fields, you will teach them some of the lessons Mother Nature has written in her book.

September comes forward.—

What is the gift I bring you?
Only a memory sweet
Of the time when the summer hours
Went by with flying feet,
But playtime now is ended,
And the silent school-rooms ring
With sounds that tell you September
The children homeward bring.

New Year.—

Yes, when September comes we must expect to hear the bells ting-a-ling once more. Well, September, teach the little folks to work as well as play.

October.—

There's a purple haze on the mountains,
The asters are turning brown,
And the nimble squirrel is busy
With the nuts the wind drops down.
Old autumn with frosty fingers
Has touched the forest leaves,
And October's busy shuttle
A wondrous broidery weaves.

New Year.—

Well I know when you appear my reign will be nearly ended, yet, none the less. here is a welcome to you, frosty October.

November.—

And now the days grow shorter,
The fields look bare and brown,
And thick and fast the snowflakes
From the gray sky flutter down,
But cheerier burn the fires,
While the happy children play,
For the gift November brings you
Is a glad "Thanksgiving Day."

Here she comes, my Puritan daughter. What have you to say to the New Year, Thanksgiving?

Thanksgiving Day.—

I've only come to tell him my simple story.

New Year.—

I shall be glad to hear it.

Thanksgiving Day.—

'Twas a brave little band of Puritans
That settled in Plymouth town,
And they said when the leaves were falling
And the grass growing rusty and brown,
We have garnered a wonderful harvest,
Thanks to our gracious Lord,
Let us praise Him by setting apart a day
To thank Him with one accord.
That was long ago. O, the fleeting years
Seem stretching so far away,
Since Governor Bradford, of Plymouth town,
Appointed Thanksgiving Day.
That was the first Thanksgiving,
Yet still we appoint the day,

And try to honor and keep it
In our Puritan fathers' way.

New Year.—

A pretty story! I shall remember it when Thanksgiving Day comes round.

December.—

There's a strange and wonderful story
We have all of us sometime read,
How, years ago, a sinless child
Had a manger for His bed,
And though the misty years
Full centuries high are piled,
December brings to us Christmas Day
In memory of that child.

I am the last of the months, and my daughter, Christmas Day, is the last of the holidays.

Christmas Day (*this may be recited or sung to any simple tune*).—

I'm read of in story,
I'm sung of in rhyme,
I'm last of the holidays,
Christmas-time.
When the stars were singing
I had my birth,
And to bless and brighten
The grim old earth,
From the lowly manger,
Where Jesus lay,
I sprang into life,
Your Christmas Day.

New Year.—

Welcome, December,
Now stand with the others,
And, Christmas Day,
These are your sisters and brothers.
Holidays all, right gladly I greet you,
And merry old Christmas,
I'm happy to meet you.

Father Time.—

The grains in my glass so swiftly are flowing
That I know very well it is time to be going;
Yes, Happy New Year, it is time to be gone,
So now sing a song and we all will march on.

[*They form a procession—the New Year in front. Time stands behind him and gently pushes him on. Behind Time come the Months and Holidays. All march round the stage singing. Tune, America.*]

O, glad we come this way
To meet thee, New Year's Day;
Now hear us sing:
Long as thy reign shall be,
We vow thee fealty.
O, see us kneel to thee,
Own thee our king.
[*All kneel before the New Year. Tableau.*]

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

For seven boys. Six of them carry small flags, and form a picturesque group in centre of stage. The seventh approaches them from side of stage as he speaks his part.

Six boys in concert.—

Hurrah for the Fourth of July!
Three cheers for the glorious day
That saw freedom's light shine over our land,
Released from tyrannical sway.

Each yearly return of the day
We greet with glad shout and huzza,
Our youthful hearts glow with patriot's pride,
For the glorious Fourth we hurrah.

And as we together have met
On this anniversary date,
We'll glance back o'er the years, a hundred and more,
To that time so pregnant with Fate.

First Boy.—

As I look back to that eventful time in our country's history, I see (rising before my mental vision, as he rose before the actual sight of the Virginia Assembly, and fired them with his glowing speech) the patriot orator whose thrilling words, "Give me liberty, or give me death," became the watchword of the people as they prepared to do battle for their sacred rights as freemen. His speech was inspiration to his countrymen! His words drew forth their swords, and willingly they dared death to achieve liberty! Let us, then, on this day of

commemoration, raise our voices in three hearty cheers to do honor to the name of Patrick Henry.

[*All cheer and wave flags.*]

Second Boy.—

As I look to the Past the man that I see
Is a patriot, named Richard Henry Lee,
Who in Congress declared that we ought to be free!
Then for him, too, let's give our hearty cheers three.

[*All cheer.*]

Third Boy.—

The picture of that time, which rises before my mind's eye, is that of the assembled Congress in the State House at Philadelphia, deliberating throughout the day upon that question of such magnitude that it excited their intensest emotion while it claimed their utmost deliberation.

What a feeling-fraught hour must have been that in which was reached the decision to throw off the allegiance to the mother country. For, though that mother country had treated her children in a manner far from loving motherly, it was no trifling matter to cut asunder the ties that had bound them to her.

Come, boys, let us cheer with hearty voices the old-time Congress and the fifty-six signers of the Declaration, whose action we this day commemorate. [*All cheer.*]

Fourth Boy.—

I claim for Thomas Jefferson
A special round of cheers;
The man who penned the document
Which each of us reveres.

[*All cheer.*]

Fifth Boy.—

And as I look back to that Fourth of July, 1776, I seem to see the old bellman, waiting aloft in the belfry tower, while hour after hour passed slowly by, waiting to hear the welcome signal from below that the act had been accomplished, and the moment had come to "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." With what a vim he must have toiled at that bell-rope in his patriotic fervor. I think we can spare three cheers for him, boys. [*All cheer.*]

Sixth Boy.—

Now to the ancient bell itself
Our honors we should pay,
For not a trifling part it played
On Independence Day.

[*All cheer.*]

Seventh Boy (*coming upon the scene.*)—

Well, truly, boys, I think you have, by combination, divided the honors quite fairly among the participants in that brilliant performance of the Fourth of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, which is known by the title of the "Declaration of Independence."

Six Boys in concert.—

Yes, we've cheered for the Fourth of July,
For the author and signers also;
We've hurrahed for the bell and the bellman,
Now we'll join in a song e'er we go.

[*Singing "Columbia," "The Gem of the Ocean," or some other patriotic song.*

E. C. & L. J. Rook.

CHRISTMAS-FOLK AND THE CHILDREN.

A DRAMA FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

CHARACTERS.

King Christmas,	Santa Claus,
Waits,	Mummers,
Lord of Misrule,	Ghost of Christmas Feasts,
Babouscka,	Knecht Rupert,
Mother,	Children

King Christmas should have a crown of holly leaves, and wear a long, flowing robe. Santa Claus should be dressed in fur. Waits, ordinary costume. Mummers should be masked, and costumes may be as fantastic as they can be made Lord of Misrule should wear a gay green or yellow robe and a gilt crown. Ghost of Christmas Feasts should be short and stout. Babouscka, a little old woman carrying a basket and dressed as a Russian peasant. Knecht Rupert should wear a flowing white robe and have a long white beard. Mother in ordinary costume. Children in loose white dresses.

Scene.

A parlor having at least three doors. One of these should open into the room where the children sleep, another for the different characters to enter, and a third should represent the chimney and open fireplace, for Santa Claus to enter. This fireplace is easily made with manilla paper, red and white crayon. Cover the paper with red crayon, and outline the bricks with the white One sheet of the paper should reach from the top of the door half way down, another should be set back a little and should touch the floor. This should be far enough back to allow Santa Claus to enter as though he had come down the chimney. The mother sits near the bed-room door.

Mother sings. Tune, "Lightly Row."—

Gently now! Gently now!
Slumber falls on ev'ry brow.

Shut your eyes! Shut your eyes!
Till the sun shall rise.
Then the morning fair shall dawn,
Happy day when Christ was born.
Sweet and clear! Sweet and clear,
Sing, King Christmas's here.
[*Enter King Christmas.*]

King Christmas.—
Are the children asleep?

Mother.—
Yes, every one; they're asleep in their little beds,
And the snowy pillows are dimpled now,
With the brown and the golden heads.

King Christmas.—
But where have you hung the stockings to-night,
To be filled with Santa Claus's toys?

Mother.—
O close by the chimney sey they hang,
Here the girls, there my sturdy boys.
But pray, who are you, who question me so?

King Christmas.
I am he whose praises you sing.
Mother.—
O why are you here? From whence do you come?
And what is the message you bring?

King Christmas.—
I am old King Christmas,
Much you have heard and read

Of my ancient glory.
Old legends and songs and queer old books
Will tell you my old-time story.
Out of the past I have come to-night,
But ere my greeting is o'er,
From the realms of Fancy, of Fable, and Fact,
Straight through yon open door,
You will see my subjects come marching in,
Each one with some tale to tell.
O listen in silence, for speak but a word
And you break the mystical spell,
Then we vanish into the dark and damp.
Back to the realm of Dreams,
Swift as the glitt'ring drops o' the grass
Are drunk by the sun-god's beams.
Hark! in the distance far away now
I hear them faintly singing,
Nearer, nearer now they come,
Hear their voices ringing.

[*Enter Lord of Misrule, Mummers, Waits, Christmas Feasts. Sing. Tune "Twenty Love-sick Maidens," from "Patience."*]

We thy loyal subjects are,
Let us all be jolly now,
For before us stands our King,
Crowned with bay and holly bough.

All recite.—

Bow we all before him now,
Brief the time he reigneth,
Once a year he comes to us,
And his will proclaimeth.

O great King, we come to you,
Every one thy will to do.

King Christmas.—

Welcome, subjects mine, to-day,
Tell us now your names, I pray.

Lord of Misrule.—

Over my comrades I'm set on high,
For Lord of Misrule am I, am I!
At the Christmas season I do my best
To frolic and play, and at my behest
Each one must own me his lord and king.
O fun and mischief and noise I bring,
Yet the Lord of Misrule to King Christmas bows,
And kneels here before him to pay his vows.
[*Kneels before King Christmas.*]

King Christmas.—

O Lord of Misrule, I accept each vow,
But too rough and rude for these times art thou,
You have had your day. It is o'er at last,
Now fade and vanish into the past.

All.—

O Lord of Misrule, away! away!
No longer we'll own your riotous sway.
[*Lord of Misrule goes out.*]

Mummers.—

We are the Christmas mummers gay,
We can show you many a trick to-day.
Beautiful gifts we bring to you,
And—whisper it softly—we'll take gifts, too.

Masks on our faces, in quaint array,
We come, King Christmas, to you to-day.

King Christmas.—
O mummers! too rough are the jests you play,
I've nothing for you, so hurry away.
[*Mummers go out.*]

Christmas Feast.—
The Ghost of old Christmas feasts am I,
Peacock's and boar's head, and nice mince-pie.
Have you aught for me? Why, the cheer I bring
Of yore made me welcome by even a king.

King.—
I care not for peacocks, for mince-pie or brawn,
So, Ghost of old Christmas feasts, begone!
[*Christmas Feast goes out.*]

Waits.—
Since the morning stars all sung
In the heavens so blue,
Sung a welcome to that Child,
Who died for me and you,
Every year at Christmas time,
At each door with song and rhyme,
Though the ground be white with snow,
Happy minstrels still we go.
Christmas carols sweet we sing,
Praises to our Lord and King.

King.—
Christmas Waits, I welcome thee,
Come and keep us company.

While the Christmas chimes are ringing
Let us hear your merry singing.

[*Waits sing old Christmas Carol, "God rest ye, merry gentlemen," old version found in Chambers' Book of Days.*]

[*Enter old woman with a basket of toys.*]

King.—

Who comes here, so wrinkled and old,
Shivering now with the winter cold?

Old Woman.—

O King, so mighty, so grand, and high,
Your subject, old Babouscka, am I.

Once, when the wind whirled over the moor,
Roaring and howling around my door,
While the snow fell fast, far over the plains,
I saw three kings with their mighty trains.

They rode on camels as white as milk,
Trappings and saddles of gold and silk,
And, with hands as full as they well could hold,
Behind came their slaves with spices and gold.

O, faster and faster the snow came down,
While they questioned the way to the far-off town.
They had come from a country far away,
Seeking a town where a young Child lay.

They would find this Child, and lay at His feet
Their gold, their myrrh, and their spices sweet,

For this they had come from the East afar.
Would I follow with them their guiding star?

But the night was stormy and rough and wild,
Why should I care for this unknown Child?
What matter to me that the star shone bright?
I shrunk with dread from the bitter night.

So I answered them "Nay," and the kings passed on,
And left me there in my hut alone.

Then my pulse grew quick and my brain grew wild,
And I felt I must find that little Child;
But I sought in vain, for the star that shone
Above the kings had faded and gone.

O, ages on ages have passed away,
And the kings and their trains are gone for aye.
But wrinkled and feeble, and worn and ill,
Poor Babouscka is seeking still.

Each year, when the Christmas-time comes round
And the snow is white on the frozen ground,
I fill my basket with wonderful toys,
Gifts for each girl, and for all the boys.

As I leave these toys, through each door I peer,
And softly I whisper, "Is He here?"
Ah! vainly I've sought Him near and far,
Vainly I've watched for that guiding star.

But a time will come when troubles are past,
And poor Babouscka will find Him at last.

King.—

Whenever the Christmas-time is near,
The Russian children listen to hear
Poor Babouscka, your pitiful cry,
As you leave your toys and hurry by.
What matters the snow on your old gray head?
You work in the name of Him who said,
"What you do for the least, you do for me."
You are working for all eternity.
Go steadily on, tho' the path is dim,
What you do for the children, you do for Him.
So keep on your way, for your time will come,
When poor Babouscka will find a home.
Now rest you here for an hour or more.
[*Knock at the door.*]
Let us see who comes knocking now at our door.
[*Opens the door.*]
Who comes here this winter's night,
Clad in a robe of spotless white?
Flowing beard, like a drift of snow.
Tell us, good sir, ere you go,
Why you're here in such array?
Keep you thus our Christmas Day?

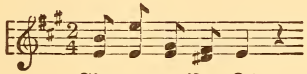
Knight Rupert.—

Good Knecht Rupert's the name they give me,
In my home in far-off Germany,
And every year at the Christmas-time,
When my footsteps fall on the snow and rime,
Half in pleasure and half in fear,
The children watch and listen to hear
My footfall light and my knock at each door.
Then the deeds of the year are recounted o'er,

And then, when every tale has been told,
The presents I leave are better than gold.
Toys and sweetmeats the good children find;
For the naughty I leave a rod behind.
O, Knecht Rupert, the children's friend am I,
And my home is in Northern Germany.

King.—

O, Knecht Rupert, a welcome to you,
Honest and trusty, brave and true!
On this the happiest eve i' the year,
Rest thou with us, and partake of our cheer.
O hark! without there are pattering feet,
There are jingling bells.

Waits.—

Sing merrily, O!

King.—

Who is this comes King Christmas to greet?

Waits.—

With a heigh and ho! (*spoken.*)
Sing merrily, O! (*sung.*)

[*Enter Santa Claus.*]

Santa Claus.—

I am old Santa Claus,
Gladly for girls and boys,
Wonderful presents I bring.
Straight out of Christmas land
I come at thy command,
Homage to pay thee, great King.

King.—

All over the land they are waiting for you,
Jolly old Santa Claus;
Fathers and mothers, young men and maidens,
Wee lassies and rosy-cheeked boys.
O, my knight, so trusty, tried, and true,
This Christmas Eve here's a welcome to you.

[*Enter, several children.*]

We've found you, good Santa Claus;
Show us your pretty toys.

Girls.—Your gifts for the girls,

Boys.—What you bring to the boys.

All.— So long we have sought you,
That almost we thought you
Were going to pass by us this year.
Now three cheers for Santa Claus,
Who, loaded with pretty toys,
Comes when the Christmas time's here.

[*From a ring and dance around Santa Claus.*]

Santa Claus.—

O, wait for awhile, little folks, I pray,
For a word to each I must surely say,
Before I take from my laden back
The wonderful toys I have here in my pack.
For the girls I have dolls,
For the boys tops and balls.
But these are for good ones. Alas! it is shocking
The bad ones will find but a rod in each stocking.
Now stand here beside me, my boys and my girls.
Ah me! how swiftly this old earth whirls!
Why, it seems but a day since ye stood just so,
And yet that was Christmas a year ago.

Now tell me, brave laddies, and wee, bonnie lassies,
Tell to me quickly, for swiftly time passes,
What have you done to help one another,
Your parents, your friends, your sister, or brother?
What have you done to smooth out the way
Another must walk in, now tell me, I pray?
O tell me, each one,
All the good you have done,
And, alas! though I fear it,
'Tis my will to hear it—
The bad things as well as the good ones you do,
Your cross words as well as the pleasant ones, too.
Do you quickly obey when your parents speak?
Ah, that brings red blushes to each little cheek!
Are you ever naughty when sent to bed?
What is this! Every little one drops his head.
Do you cry and whine, or fret and tease,
And forget to say, "Thank you," and, "If you please"?
O, lower and lower the heads drop down,
The black and the golden, the red and the brown.
I see you've been naughty, every one;
Let me think for a moment what's to be done.
No toys for the bad ones, I said. O how sad!
What can I do when they all are bad?

Knight Rupert.—
O don't be too strict, good Santa Claus,
Remember the saying, that "Boys will be boys."

Mother.—
And girls will be girls, or else I'm mistaken.
Yet both have a conscience, and if this you awaken,
And show them the evil their little sins do,
In spite of their fretting, you'll find they'll thank you.

O, rule them by love, if you'd have them obey,
And help them grow wiser and better each day.
Remember, He said, whose home is in heaven,
Forgive one another till seventy times seven.

Babouscka.—

O, good Santa Claus,
Don't spoil all the joys
The little ones take in this day.
Forgive them this once, and I'm sure evermore,
They will all do their best to obey.

Waits.—

Forgive them, old Santa,
Forgive them, and then,
We are sure they will never be naughty again.

Children.—

O, dear Santa Claus, if you will be so kind,
Forgive us this once, and you'll certainly find
That wherever we go, and whatever we do,
We'll all be obedient, honest, and true.

Santa Claus.—

Perhaps I had better, but yet I half fear
I shall find things no better at Christmas, next year;
But since you all ask me, I'll do as you say.
Babouscka, Knecht Rupert, I hear and obey.
Come closer, O children, my pack I'll undo,
And you'll find that within it there's a present for you.

[*Opens his pack, and begins to fill the stockings.*]

King Christmas.—

That's right, good Santa Claus,
Give out your toys,

Temper mercy with justice, 'tis well;
And I hope next year,
When Christmas is here,
A different story they'll tell.
So give out your toys, and quickly, too,
For your reindeer steeds are waiting for you.
O, time flies swiftly, you've far to go,
Away to the realms of ice and snow.
O'er Asia's mountains and Afric's sand
You must carry your toys to every land.
Babouscka and good Knecht Rupert, too,
Must hurry away, for you've work to do.
Have you filled up each stocking?
Then let us be walking,
And, Waits, as we go, a carol sing.
O, every one now, come follow your King.
When your work is all done, a merry band,
We'll rest for a year in Christmas land.

[*King Christmas goes out followed by the others. The Waits sing the old carol, "I saw Three Ships go Sailing By." (These words may be found in "Chambers' Book of Days.") There should be a sound of bells outside as they drive off, the bells and the music gradually growing fainter, till they die away in the distance.*]

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

RESURREXIT.

(For Easter.)

A wooden or pasteboard cross should be made, with tacks or pegs on which to hang the cards held by the children. The large cards should hang below the cross, and the star above it.

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HE IS RISEN INDEED.

Each letter should be placed upon a square card, wreathed with flowers.

First Child.—

Why are you sad when the sky is so blue,
The fields are green and the spring is new?
What is the sorrowful sight you've seen,
And what do these falling teardrops mean?

Second Child.—

Alas! in a strange old book I've read
Of One they've laid with the silent dead.

And much I am longing His face to see,
For He said, "Let the children come unto me."

So my tears fall fast, while in doubt and gloom
I am vainly seeking His silent tomb.
Ah, could I find it, these flowers so bright
[*Holding up flowers*]
I'd lay on the dear Lord's tomb to-night.

First Child.—
O seek no more, for this Easter Day
The stone from the sepulchre's rolled away.
Would'st see His face? From the heavens above
He is leaning down with a look of love.

No longer we watch with tearful eyes
The gloomy sepulchre where He lies.
No longer the world in its sins need stay,
'Tis a risen Christ to whom we pray.

Second Child.—
Risen?

First Child.—
Why, yes; this is Easter Day,
The tomb is empty, the stone rolled away.

Second Child.—
Then show to me now while here I wait,
Just outside of Death's solemn gate,
The dreadful cross upon which He died.

First Child.—
Ah! by His death it was glorified.
Now seen through the mist of the gathered years,
All crowned with flowers, that cross appears.

Second Child.—

I look in vain. No cross I see.

All.—

Behold! we'll build it then for thee.
Block after block we'll place in line,

Third Child.—

All wreathed with lilies—this is mine.

All.—

O Easter lilies ring each bell,
To all the glorious tidings tell,
As to and fro your sweet bells sway,
The Lord of all is risen to-day.
Ring loud and clear. Ring far and near,
The Lord, the Lord of all is here.

Third Child.—

Upon the cross, in its first place,
This golden C shall turn its face,
The post of honor, see, your bear,
Sweet lilies, woven in with prayer.

Fourth Child.—

This letter for His name I bring,
My own glad Easter offering.
O each fair violet, lift your face,
You hold the second honored place.

I place you there, and now, behold
Written in lines of beaten gold,
This letter H so strong and true,
Is now the next to meet your view.

Fifth Child.—

Like some lost gem of monarch old,
A shining R enwreathed with gold,
I bring, like pilgrim to a shrine,
And place it on this cross of Thine.

O buttercups, thou art to me
The symbol of eternity,
Your golden cups, the crowns we've won,
When earth's sad, toilsome march is done.

Sixth Child.—

Standing so straight, so tall and bold,
You see this I, a line of gold,
And round it twined, like rays of light,
A wreath of yellow cowslips bright.

Ah, brave young flowers, in spite of cold,
You lift your early crowns of gold,
I would, like thee, we'd ne'er delay,
But when the Master calls, obey.

Seventh Child.—

A curving line of gold is this
I bring you now, the letter S.
Enwreathed with hyacinths, sweet and true,
Each turns its modest face to you.

Fair flowers! your breath like incense sweet,
Drifts upward to the Saviour's feet;
No songs, no prayers to Him you raise,
Your life is one long breath of praise.

Eighth Child.—

Last letter in this word, you see,
The golden arms of letter T,—

Like flowers cut from blocks of snow,
Around it, see, the lilies go.

Ring, ring, sweet bells, in this glad hour,
Proclaim your risen Saviour's power;
At His command e'en tempests cease,
To storm-tossed souls He whispers "Peace."

Ninth Child.—

Upon this beam, the first to lie,
High over all I place an I,
And round it now, behold, I twine
The deathless branches of the pine.

O, sombre pine! thou art to me
Emblem of immortality.
When all the world lies cold and dead,
You lift on high your green-plumed head.

Tenth Child.—

Now, next below it, I'll place this,
Another curving, shining S.
Around it, see! Arbutus fair,
Sends up to heaven its perfumed prayer.

Sweet, blushing flowers! to me you bring
The first glad promise of the spring,
Touched by the hand that conquered Death
You praise Him with your fragrant breath

Eleventh Child.—

Fair violets! once again to view
You turn your flowers, of heaven's own hue,
And hold within your tender care
The next, this golden R, I bear.

You lift each sweet face to the sky,
A fragrant, spring-time prophecy
Of summer days to come once more,
Now winter's deathlike reign is o'er.

Twelfth Child.—
This glitt'ring I you see is mine,
And now around its face I twine,
Fresh gathered from the earth's brown mold,
The dandelion's flowers of gold.

O, bright-hued blossoms! one by one
You lift your faces, like the sun,
An emblem of that love from heaven,
To all alike so freely given.

Thirteenth Child.—
Again, in lines of golden hue,
Another S now meets your view,
And round it 'mong the ferns so green,
The tulips, blushing red, are seen.

Red as the drops our Saviour shed,
When on the cross He bowed His head.
In your fair faces now we see
That dreadful death on Calvary.

Fourteenth Child.—
Behold me now! I bring to thee
In golden lines this letter E.
Each white anemone's pink-tipped bell,
The wondrous tidings help to tell,

To all on earth and in the heaven
The glorious gifts our God has given.

Ring bells! Ring bells! O, tell the story,
Our risen Lord is King of glory.

Fifteenth Child.—

This block, the one on which must rest
The cross, by all mankind confessed,
The symbol lifted high in air,
To show the gate of praise and prayer,

With N entwined with lilacs sweet,
This wondrous cross I now complete.
O, purple plumes, behold! I lay
Thee at the Master's feet to-day.

All.—

Completed now, this cross shall stand,
Its message heard throughout the land,
The Lord is risen; all is well,
Where'er it goes, these tidings tell.

Sixteenth Child.—

Another card, with flowers o'erlaced,
I've put beneath, and on it traced
In lines that every one may read,
Behold them here, "He is risen indeed."

All.—

And see above it, throwing far
Its bright rays, gleams a shining star,
Through all the years of pain and loss,
O, still it shines above that cross.

O wondrous cross! O star, whose beams
Down through the dust of ages streams,
You point to Christ, who's gone before,
And draw us to Him evermore.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

FOR A SABBATH-SCHOOL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

OUR entertainment now is through,
The time has come to say adieu.
We don't expect to gain a name,
Nor travel on the road to fame,
By what we've said and sung to-night,
Although your faces look so bright;
But each one here has done his part
With willing mind and cheerful heart;
And if our efforts have had power
To lighten for one little hour
The load of care in any breast,
My anxious mind is quite at rest.
Kind friends, when I have thanked you all,
The old and young, the great and small,
I'll turn unto our teachers dear
And wish them all a glad New Year.
I hope that we may ever prove
Deserving of their kindest love,
And they be spared for many a year
To cheer us with their presence here.
Now just one hint—and I am done—
Of how to crown this evening's fun.
You recollect, a year ago,
A gift on each they did bestow,
And their desire for a full house
Has made me think I smell a mouse.
For you must know, indulgent friends,
Our fun, in part, on you depends;
Your money is the sesame
That opens mouth and eyes in glee,

By buying for each girl and boy
A gift, to make us laugh with joy.
My speech is done; I'll say "good-night,"
And hope that you will think I'm right,
If I remark in simple rhyme—
If they give candy—Now's the time.

MISS M. ELLA CORNELL.

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Builders, The, by H. W. Longfellow. A choice gem.
Crescent and the Cross, The, by T. B. Aldrich. A good church selection.
Cuddle Doon. A pleasing Scotch home sketch.
Daisy's Faith. A popular child piece.
Death of the Old Year, The, by Alfred Tennyson. A good New Year piece.
Death of the Owd 'Squire, The. A stirring, dramatic poem.
Fair Play for Women, by George William Curtis. An eloquent plea.
Glove and the Lions, The, by Leigh Hunt. Dramatic.
Gray Honors the Blue, The. Patriotic. For Decoration Day.
Hannah Binding Shoes, by Lucy Larcom. A sad but pleasing story.
How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed his Fence, by Mark Twain. Funny.
Leper, The, by N. P. Willis. Strongly dramatic.
Lighthouse May. A tale of heroism.
Masters of the Situation, by James T. Field. Excellent for teaching.
Master's Touch, The. Lofty, spiritual.
Milking Time. Rustic humor.
Mine Katrine. Dialect. Funny.
Mont Blanc Before Sunrise, by S. T. Coleridge. Sublime description.
Night Before Christmas, The. A lively Christmas selection.
Night After Christmas, The. A humorous sequel to the foregoing piece.
Old Grimes. Mock-serious.
Old Robin, by J. T. Trowbridge. An intensely interesting story.
Our Traveled Parson, by Will Carleton. Humorous and pathetic.
Owl Critic, The, by James T. Fields. Fine humor.
Paradise. A good selection for encore.
Royal Princess, A. A fine dramatic poem.
Saving Mission of Infancy, The. Interesting and uplifting.
Sheriff Thorne, by J. T. Trowbridge. An interesting story, showing the influence of woman.
Ship of Faith, The. Excellent negro dialect.
Sister and I. Passion and pathos.
Surly Tim's Trouble. Lancashire dialect. Very pathetic and touching.
That Hired Girl. Humorous.
Tom's Little Star. Experiences of a stage-struck woman. Humorous.
Voice in the Twilight, The. Suited to church or Sunday-school.
Wounded Soldier, The. Pathetic incident of a dying soldier.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 8

After Death, by Edwin Arnold. Spiritual. For church or Sunday-school.
American Specimen, An, by Mark Twain. Humorous.
Arrow and the Song, The. A choice gem.
Bald-headed Man, The. Laughable.
Bay Billy. Suited to Decoration Day.
Beecher on Eggs. Humorous.
Better in the Morning. Touching.
Bessie Kendrick's Journey. Very pathetic story of a bereaved child.
Carl. A spirited escape from wolves.
Christmas Carol, A. For Christmas. Part to be chanted.
Coney Island Down der Pay. Very funny.
Defence of Lucknow, The. Stirring.
Emigrant's Story, The, by J. T. Trowbridge. Thrilling incident of a prairie storm.
Fire-Bell's Story, The. A tale of heroism.
First Quarrel, The, by Tennyson. A dramatic and pathetic story.
Gran'ma Al'as Does. Child dialect.
Her Letter, by Bret Harte. Story of early California.
How Ruby Played. A humorous rustic description of Rubenstein's playing.
International Episode, An. A good encore.
King's Missive, The, by John G. Whittier. A story of early New England.
Little Feet. Very pathetic.
Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Nations and Humanity, by George William Curtis. Oratorical.
Nebuchadnezzar. Negro dialect.
Order for a Picture, An, by Alice Carey. A popular pathetic selection.
Over the Hill from the Poorhouse, by Will Carleton. A sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."
Practical Young Woman, A. Humorous.
Reckoning with the Old Year. A good New Year selection.
Reply to Hayne, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical. Good for teaching.
Rest, by George MacDonald. Suited to religious entertainments.
Scene from "Leah the Forsaken." Strongly dramatic.
Setting a Hen. Rich German dialect.
Sioux Chief's Daughter, by Joaquin Miller. Very dramatic and popular.
Tale of the Yorkshire Coast. Dialect. Pathetic.
Temperance Question, The, by Wendell Phillips. A vigorous argument.
Vashti, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Very popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 9

Aged Stranger, The. By Bret Harte. Humorous.
Awfully Lovely Philosophy. Characterization of a gushing girl.
Baby's Kiss. An incident of the Civil War.
Bertha in the Lane. Pleasing pathos.
Brier Rose. A thrilling Norwegian story.
Child on the Judgment Seat, The. Moral and spiritual.
Christmas Ballad, A. Pathetic and stimulating.
Connor. A strong, pathetic, popular story.
Fisherman's Wife, The. A sad story with a happy ending.
First Party, The. Humorous and musical.
Horatius at the Bridge, by T. B. Macaulay. Heroic.
Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots. Regretful yet hopeful.
Lookout Mountain. German dialect. A pathetic incident of the civil war.
Master Johnny's Next-door Neighbor. By Bret Harte. Boy character.
Mrs. Walker's Betsey. A graphic story of humble life.
Mrs. Ward's Visit to the Prince. Yankee dialect. Humorous.
Palace o' the King, The. Scotch dialect.
Rover's Petition. By James T. Fields. A good child's piece.
Sailing of King Olaf, The. Dramatic, elevating, strong.
Sam's Letter. Characterization. Very funny.
School Begins To-day. Good boy's piece.
Selling the Farm. Pathetic.
Song of the Camp, The. May be accompanied with music or song.
Saint George and the Dragon. Dramatic.
Terpsichore in the Flat Creek Quarters. Plantation fun.
Then and Now. Humorous.
Thoughts for a New Year. Eloquent.
Tribute to Washington. Patriotic. Suited to Washington's Birthday.
Truth of Truths, The. By Ruskin. Good for teaching.
Unnoticed and Unhonored Heroes. By Channing. Oratorical.
White Squall, The. By W. M. Thackeray. Vigorous and humorous.
Widow and her Son, The. By Washington Irving. Pathetic and beautiful.
William Goetz. Humorous story of a goat.
Words of Strength. By Schiller. Encore.
Yorkshire Cobbler, The. Dialect. Temperance piece.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 10

Armageddon. By Edwin Arnold. Religious.
Balaklava. A dramatic battle piece.
Blind Lamb, The. By Celia Thaxter. A pleasing child's story with a moral.
Caught in the Quicksand. By Victor Hugo. Dramatic.
Chickamauga. For Decoration Day.
Death of Roland, The. Historic, strong.
Despair. By Tennyson. A dramatic story of great power.
Dick Johnson's Picture. Temperance.
Drifting. By T. Buchanan Read. Musical, pleasing, popular.
Eulogy on Garfield. By James G. Blaine. An eloquent tribute.
Herve Riel. By Robert Browning. A strong dramatic poem.
Irrepressible Boy, The. Inquisitiveness not always conducive to comfort.
Jamie. Dramatic and strongly pathetic.
Larrie O'Dee. Irish humor.
Law of Death, The. By Edwin Arnold. Pathetic.
Little Dora's Soliloquy. Child talk.
Little Rocket's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Lost Found, The. By H. W. Longfellow. From "Evangeline."
Mick Tandy's Revenge. An interesting and pathetic Irish story.
Nay, I'll Stay with the Lad. A touching tale of the mines.
Old Year and the New, The. A New Year's selection.
Phantom Ship, The. By Celia Thaxter. A terrible tale of a slave ship.
Railway Matinee, A. The perplexities of the fat deaf man.
Rev. Gabe Tucker's Remarks. Negro sermon with a good moral.
Rizpah. Pathetic. Parts to be sung.
Schoolmaster Beaten, The. By Charles Dickens. Dramatic characterization.
Shriving of Guinevere, The. By S. Weir Mitchell. Dramatic and pleasing.
Sky, The. By Ruskin. Beautiful description.
Sympathy. Humorous.
Tammy's Prize. A pathetic Scotch story.
Theology in the Quarters. Negro dialect.
Tilghman's Ride. Patriotic and dramatic.
To the Survivors of Bunker Hill. By Daniel Webster. Patriotic.
Tragedy, The. A picture of life.
True Story of Little Boy Blue. A pleasing child's selection.
Wayside Inn, The. By Adelaide A. Proctor. A pleasing, pathetic story.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 11

Apostrophe to the Ocean, by Byron. Superior for vocal training.
Bobolink, The. Lively and humorous. Good for bird-tones.
Catching the Colt. For young folks.
Child Martyr, The. A story of Scotch persecution.
Clown's Baby, The. A pleasing frontier story.
Convict's Soliloquy, The. Intensely dramatic.
Death of Little Dombey. Pathetic.
Dutchman's Snake, The. Amusing.
Echo and the Ferry, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful descriptive poem.
Flash.—The Fireman's Story, by Will Carleton. A humorous story.
Foxes' Tails, The; also known as **Sandy MacDonald's Signal.** Scotch. Very amusing. Exceedingly popular.
Freckled-faced Girl, The. A humorous characterization of a pert young girl.
Front Gate, The. A humorous story as told by the gate.
Froward Duster, The, by R. J. Burdette. Very funny.
Grandmother's Apology, The, by Tennyson. Old lady characterization.
Jerry. A spirited story of an Irish newsboy.
Lisping Lover, The. Humorous. Encore.
Little Gottlieb's Christmas, by Phœbe Cary. A German Christmas story.
Mice at Play. A very amusing story.
Mona's Waters. Dramatic and pathetic.
Nicodemus Dodge, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
No Kiss. Retaliation. Encore.
Old Year and the New, The, by Josephine Pollard. For New Year.
One Flower for Nelly. A touching Easter story.
Queen Vashti's Lament. Pathetic passion.
Rock Me to Sleep. Musical, tender.
Romance of a Hammock. Clever humor.
Shadow of Doom, The. Dramatic.
Song of the Mystic, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual and of rare beauty.
Sunday Fishin'. Dialect, amusing.
Supposed Speech of John Adams. Patriotic, standard.
Telephonic Conversation, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Thora. A Norwegian love-story.
Ticket-o'-Leave, by George R. Sims. A stirring story.
Wedding of Shon Maclean. A stirring story of a Scotch wedding.
Where's Annette? Dramatic, thrilling.
Wonders of Genealogy, The. Things are somewhat mixed.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 12

Aunty Doleful's Visit. Mock consolation.
Aux Italiens, by Lord Lytton. Singing parts. Very popular.
Ballad of Cassandra Brown, The. An elocutionary travesty.
Battle Flag at Shenandoah, The. A tale of heroism.
Bells, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Excellent for vocal drill.
Bells Across the Snow. A short Christmas poem.
Bishop's Visit, The. A boy's piece.
Blind Poet's Wife, The. Intensely interesting.
Book Canvasser, The. Humorous.
Brother's Tribute, A. Lofty patriotism. Dramatic.
Country School, The. A lively school scene.
Duelist's Victory, The. A noble revenge.
Engineer's Making Love, The, by R. J. Burdette. Courting on the rail.
Fall of Pemberton Mill, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Unusually strong and popular.
Felon's Cell, A. Very dramatic.
Fly's Cogitations, A. Amusing.
Good-bye. A feminine good-bye.
How Girls Study. Impersonation.
How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks. A tale of Christmas in a mining camp.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Spiritual and beautiful. Parts to be sung.
Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair. Very amusing.
Lasca. Incident of a Texas cattle ranch. Dramatic and pathetic.
Legend of the Beautiful, by H. W. Longfellow. Strongly spiritual.
Lincoln's Last Dream. Pathetic.
Maister and the Bairns, The. Scotch. Spiritual.
Newsboy's Debt, The. Pathetic and touching.
Old Letters. Sad memories they recall.
Over the Orchard Fence. The old farmer's story.
Poor-House Nan. A strong temperance piece.
Popular Science Catechism. Humorous. Explanation of the opera.
Receiving Calls. Trying experience of a minister's wife. Humorous.
Santa Claus in the Mines. A touching Christmas story.
Serenade, The. Encore.
She Cut His Hair. Funny.
Skeleton's Story, The. Very dramatic.
Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn. Irish. Very amusing.
Ter'ble 'Sperience, A. Negro dialect.
Total Annihilation. Encore.
Wendell Phillips. A noble tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 13

Ancient Miner's Story, The, by Will Carleton. The emptiness of riches.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution. Humorous.
At Last, by John G. Whittier. Spiritual.
Aunt Polly's George Washington. Negro dialect; humorous.
Banford's Burglar Alarm. Amusing.
Canada. A tribute to her people.
Chase, The. Very dramatic.
Child's Dream of a Star, A. Pathetic.
Chopper's Child, The, by Alice Cary. A wholesome Thanksgiving lesson.
Ego et Echo, by John G. Saxe. Humorous. Affords vocal opportunities.
Griffith Hammerton. A pathetic and stimulating Scotch story.
In the Signal Box, by George R. Sims. A thrilling and pathetic story of a station master.
Jehoshaphat's Deliverance. A lofty, poetical, and inspiring description.
Lady Rohesia, The. Amusing.
Little Quaker Sinner, The. The vanity of dress.
Lead the Way. Inspiring.
Legend of the Organ Builder. One of the most popular selections ever written.
Let the Angels Ring the Bells. A ringing Christmas poem.
Lord Dundreary in the Country. An amusing extract.
Marit and I. A pleasing love story.
Mary's Night Ride, by George W. Cable. Dramatic and very popular.
"Marry Me, Darlint, To-night." Irish, humorous. Encore.
Memorial Day. Patriotic.
Methodist Class Meeting, A. Yorkshire dialect.
Mine Shildren. German dialect.
Mother and Poet, by Mrs. Browning. Dramatic, pathetic, and popular.
New Cure for Rheumatism, A, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Old Continentals, The. Patriotic.
Old Man Goes to Town, The. An old farmer's pathetic story.
Only. A good temperance piece.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's, by James Whitcomb Riley. Very popular.
Playing School. A child's piece. Encore.
Public Speech. Instructive.
Regulus to the Carthagenians. Familiar but always popular.
Song of the American Eagle. Patriotic.
Spring Poet, The. Humorous.
Two Stammerers, The. Very amusing.
Uncle Ben. A spirited child's story. Very pathetic.
V-a-s-e, The. Very funny.
Yosemite, The. A sublime description.
Zarafi. Heroic and stirring.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 14

Ballad of the Wicked Nephew, by James T. Fields. Humorous.
Battle of Morgarten, by Mrs. Hemans. A poem of Swiss heroism.
Be a Woman, by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M. On the duty of mothers.
Bill and Joe, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pleasing humor.
Brudder Yerkes's Sermon. Negro dialect.
Child is Father to the Man, The. A touching child's story. Scotch.
Cow and the Bishop, The. Humorous.
Culprit, A. Very amusing.
Daniel Gray, by J. G. Holland. Moral.
Day is Done, The, by Longfellow. Reflective and very beautiful.
Death of Steerforth, The, by Charles Dickens. Dramatic.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Finding of the Cross, The. For missionary meetings.
Going for the Cows. Country sights and sounds.
Her Laddie's Picture. Touching.
Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding. A very amusing boy's piece.
June, by James Russell Lowell. A fine poem.
Jupiter and Ten. Amusing. Encore.
King Harold's Speech to His Army. Heroic.
Life Boat, The. Very pathetic.
Miseries of War, The. Oratorical.
Mither's Knee, A. Scotch.
Money Musk. Description of a Negro dance.
Mother's Portrait, A. Very pathetic.
"Nearer Home." Tender, spiritual.
Night Watch, The. Very dramatic.
Pockets. Good description.
Romance of the Rood-Loft, A. A musical courtship.
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, by Mrs. Browning. Pleasing description.
School Boy on Corns, A. Humorous.
Second Trial, A. A touching story of a little sister's sympathy and love.
Sister Agatha's Ghost. An interesting Yorkshire story.
Smile and the Sigh, The. Encore.
Sweetest Picture, The, by Alice Cary. Tender and beautiful.
Tear of Repentance, A. Beautiful description.
Tender Heart, The. Encore.
Three Leaves from a Boy's Diary. Amusing. Good boy's piece.
Victor of Marengo, The. Soul-stirring.
What We Did with the Cow. Amusing.
Widow Cummiskey, The. Sharp Irish wit.
Ulysses, by Tennyson. Fine description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 15

Bachelors, The. Amusing.
Bartholdi Statue, The. Eloquent.
Becalmed. A dramatic poem.
Brave Aunt Katy. Religious.
Commerce, by Edward Everett. A lofty tribute.
Concord Love Song, A. Encore.
David's Lament for Absalom, by N. P. Willis. Pathetic and popular.
Death of Jezebel, The. Very dramatic.
Der Oak und der Vine. German dialect.
Fading Leaf, The, by Gail Hamilton. A beautiful description of Nature.
Fall In! 1860, by George W. Cable. A spirited description.
Flag of the Rainbow. Patriotic.
Grant's Place in History. A high tribute.
Gray Champion, The, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Historic, interesting.
Guessing Nationalities, by Mark Twain. Exceedingly clever humor.
In the Children's Hospital, by Tennyson. Spiritual and pathetic.
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen, by William E. Gladstone. Eloquent.
Jem's Last Ride. Exciting.
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, by Tennyson. A lofty, dramatic, and pathetic extract.
Kiss Deferred, The. A pleasing and popular poem.
Little Foxes, by R. J. Burdette. An instructive semi-humorous selection.
Little Maid With Lovers Twain. A dilemma. Scotch.
Lullaby. For little folks. May be sung or recited.
Manhood, by George K. Morris. Uplifting and inspiring.
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs. A tender tribute to the great preacher.
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box. For church or missionary meetings.
Music in Camp; frequently called **Music on the Rappahannock.** An incident of the Civil War.
Old Roundsman's Story, An. For Christmas.
Our First Experience with a Watch-dog, by Frank R. Stockton. Amusing.
Perfectly, Awfully, Lovely Story, A. An æsthetic exaggeration.
Price of a Drink, The. Temperance.
She Wanted to Hear it Again. Encore.
Song for the Conquered, A. Instructive and helpful.
Three Kings, The, by Longfellow. A fine Christmas selection.
Tragedy on Past Participles, A. Amusing. For educational meetings.
Two Runaways, The. Negro dialect. Very amusing.
Watch Night, by Horatius Bonar. Religious. New Year's Eve.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 16

Æsthetic Craze, The. Humorous.
Back from the War, by T. De Witt Talmage. Good for G. A. R. occasions.
Battle Hymn, The. Lofty, impressive. Good for teaching.
Calls. The nature of a ministerial call. Amusing.
Chariot Race, The, by Lew Wallace. From "Ben Hur." Exciting, popular.
Christening, The. An amusing mistake in the baptism of a child.
Cicely Croak. A pleasing story of rustic courtship.
Curse to Labor, The, by T. V. Powderly. A strong plea for temperance.
Day of Judgment, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. An amusing incident.
Decoration Day. A patriotic tribute.
Elf Child, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. "The Gobble-uns 'll Git You." Popular.
First View of the Heavens. Lofty description.
From the Shore of Eternity. Reflective and impressive.
General Grant's English, by Mark Twain. A stirring vindication.
Ginevra. Dramatic, thrilling.
Jimmy Hoy. One of the very best of Samuel Lover's laughable Irish stories.
Legend of the Earth, by Jean Rameau. A lofty description of the creation.
Lily Servoss's Ride, by Judge Tourgee. A thrilling Ku-Klux story.
Lost Child, The. An exciting poem.
Message of the Dove, The. An inspiring Easter story.
Mourner a la Mode, The, by John G. Saxe. An amusing satire.
New South, The, by H. W. Grady. Patriotic, graphic, glowing.
Old Fireplace, The. Pleasing pictures of childhood.
Old Man and Jim; An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Two of James Whitcomb Riley's most popular readings.
Portrait, The, by Lord Lytton. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Swan Song, The. An exceedingly touching and powerful story.
Tell-Tale Heart, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Dramatic confession of a murder.
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. For Thanksgiving Day.
Topsy's First Lesson. From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very amusing.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wendell Phillips. An eloquent tribute.
Two Queens in Westminster. A strong, historic poem.
Uncle, The. Intensely dramatic.
While We May. Pathetic, tender.
Wisdom Dearly Purchased, by Edmund Burke. Lofty patriotism.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 17

Army of the Potomac, by Joaquin Miller. For G. A. R. meetings.
Aunt Melissy on Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge. A story of intoxicated turkeys.
Aunt Sylvia's First Lesson in Geography. Amusing. Negro dialect.
Boat Race, The. A spirited description. The girls' crew wins.
Courting and Science. For teachers' meetings. Humorous.
Dead on the Field of Honor. Lofty description.
Easter Morning, by Henry Ward Beecher. Eastertide selection.
First Thanksgiving, The. A ringing, musical poem.
Garfield Statue, The, by Grover Cleveland. An eloquent tribute.
Heavenly Guest, The, by Celia Thaxter. A poem for church occasions.
How We Fought the Fire, by Will Carleton. Amusing.
Inge, the Boy King. A dramatic story of ancient Norway.
Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience. Very funny.
John Burns, of Gettysburg, by Bret Harte. Patriotic, yet amusing.
Land of Thus-and-So, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. For little folks.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, by Longfellow. A beautiful legend.
Lexington, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A stirring, lofty, and patriotic poem.
Little Match Girl, The. A touching Christmas story for children.
Lord Dundreary's Riddles. Droll humor. Dude imitation.
Lost. An intensely strong and dramatic temperance selection.
Low-backed Car, The. By Samuel Lover. Humorous and musical.
Minuet, The. Introducing the minuet step. Very popular.
Miss Witchhazel and Mr. Thistlepad, by R. J. Burdette. How a city girl learned to farm.
Monk's Magnificat, The. Introducing a chant. Lofty and spiritual.
Mother-in-Law, The, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The bitterness of love.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut. A very amusing and popular piece.
Nurse Winnie Goes Shopping. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Ride of Collins Graves, The. Thrilling incident of a bursting dam.
Rover in Church. A pleasing story for children.
Sent Back by the Angels. Pathetic.
Usual Way, The. A good encore.
Walpole's Attack on Pitt. Oratorical.
What is a Minority? by John B. Gough. Eloquent.
Wild Night at Sea, A. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 18

Absolution, by E. Nesbit. An exceptionally strong and popular poem.
Abigail Fisher. Rustic dialect.
Appeal for Temperance, by Henry W. Grady. An eloquent address.
At the Stage Door. Touching kindness of an actress.
Auctioneer's Gift, The. A short, affecting story.
Bad Boy's Diary, A. He would be a prestidigitator.
Blind Man's Testimony, The. A short Scripture story.
Charity Grinder and the Postmaster-General. A humorous mistake.
Cowboy's Sermon, The. Some Scripture truths plainly stated.
Come and be Shone. Humorous account of a lively bootblack.
Daniel Periton's Ride, by Albion W. Tourgee. A thrilling incident.
Defence of the Bride, The. A strong dramatic story.
Death Bridge of the Tay, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story.
Famished Heart, A. A story worth repeating.
Gets Dhere, by Charles Follen Adams. Homely truths in German dialect.
How Ben Fargo's Claim was Jumped. An interesting frontier incident.
Imph-m. A popular bit of Scotch dialect.
Little Charlie's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. A dramatic incident of the Revolution.
New Series of Census Questions. Humorous.
Noses. A boy's composition. Amusing.
O'Grady's Goat. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Packet of Letters, A. Clever humor.
Pilgrims, The, by Chauncey M. Depew. A tribute to the New England fathers.
She Liked Him Rale Weel. Pleasing Scotch dialect.
Squarest Un Among 'Em, The. A touching newsboy's story.
St. Martin and the Beggar, by Margaret E. Sangster. For Sunday-schools.
Tastes, by James Whitcomb Riley. Rustic humor. Encore.
Timothy Horn. His unique courtship.
Tobe's Monument. One of the most pathetic and popular stories ever written.
Two Christmas Eves, by E. Nesbit. A dramatic and pathetic poem.
Volunteer Organist, The, by S. W. Foss. Rustic, pathetic, and popular.
Wanted to See His Old Home. Affecting story of an old negro.
Whistling Regiment, The. An incident of the Civil War. Popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 19

Address to the Toothache, by Robert Burns. Humorous Scotch dialect.
Ballad of the Wayfarer, by Robert Buchanan. Pathetic and pleasing.
Beware, by Longfellow. Encore.
Bridget O'Flanagan. Irish humor.
Cold Hard Cash. Encore.
Courting in Kentucky. Rustic, humorous, taking.
Divided, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful and pathetic descriptive poem.
Doctor's Story, The. Amusing.
Dream of Fair Women, A, by Tennyson. Fine description.
Drop of Water, The. Very dramatic.
Dumb Savior, The. A powerful temperance story.
Getting On. An old man's reveries.
Glacier Bed, The. A thrilling story of an Alpine guide.
Her Laugh—In Four Fits. Encore.
How Uncle Podger Hung a Picture, by Jerome K. Jerome. Very laughable.
Jacqueminot-Rose Sunday. A pleasing hospital incident.
Joe Sieg. A story of an heroic railroad engineer.
Lady of Shalott, The, by Tennyson. Popular with the best readers.
Lost Lesson, The. A touching school scene.
Lecture by the New Male Star. Efforts of a female reporter. Humorous.
Mary Alice Smith, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint story.
Midnight in London. Vivid description of the great city by gaslight.
Mother's Mending Basket. A delightful home picture.
Oh, the Golden, Glowing Morning! For Easter day.
Queer Boy, A. Humorous.
Reuben James. A tribute to the courage of a sailor.
Siege of the Alamo. Patriotic.
Summerset Folks, The. Encore.
Swipesey's Christmas Dinner. How the newsboys "chipped in."
Toboggan Slide, The. An embarrassing situation.
Tola of Mustard Seed, The, by Sir Edwin Arnold. A sad but beautiful lesson.
Tragedy in the Sunshine, A. Dramatic.
Tray. An interesting story of a dog's brave deed.
True Bostonian at Heaven's Gate, A. Encore.
Twilight at Nazareth. Fine description.
War-horn of the Elfings, by William Morris. Beautiful description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 20

All Things Shall Pass Away. An interesting Persian tale.
Aunt Phillis's Guest. Spiritual.
Billy. Who wasn't good like his brother Daniel.
Boys Wanted. A good piece for boys.
Bridget's Soliloquy. Dialect. Entertaining.
Casualty, A. Touching story of a bootblack.
Condensed Telegram, The. Humor.
Coaching the Rising Star. A striking lesson in dramatic elocution.
Doctor's Story, The, by Bret Harte. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Early Start, An. A minister's program not completely carried out.
Elopement in '75. A stirring love story of the Revolution.
Fortunes of War, The. A sad story of the Civil War.
Following the Advice of a Physician. Very amusing.
Getting Acquainted. Encore.
He Worried About It, by S. W. Foss. Droll humor.
Hulic. Cheering. Very popular.
I Will Not Leave You Comfortless. A pathetic tale of mountain life.
Josiar. Country courtship. Encore.
Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet. She describes the play in true Irish fashion.
Little Margery. Childhood's faith and trust.
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